THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.
1243

MANNERS.

VOL. II.

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1243

MANNERS:

A NOVEL.

—— Dicas hîc forsitan unde
Ingenium par materiæ. JUVENAL.

Je sais qu'un sot trouve toujours un plus sot pour le lire. FRED. LE GRAND.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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MANNERS.

CHAPTER I.

Yo sè, Olalla, que me adoras,
Puesta que no me lo has dicho,
Ni aún con los ojos siguiera,
Mudas lenguas de amorios*.

CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

IT was long before Selina's agitated spirits could be composed; and when at length she sunk to rest, she was haunted

* I know, Olalla, that thou lov'st me,
Though words have ne'er thy flame confess'd;
Nor even have those guarded eyes,
Mute tell-tales of love's embassies,
Betray'd the secret of thy breast,—
Yet still, Olalla, still thou lov'st me.

1243

by confused dreams of mixed joy and sorrow, in which Mordaunt's figure was always prominent. At last, however, towards morning she fell into a quiet sleep, from which she did not awake till several hours after Mrs. Galton and Augustus had left Eltondale.

Selina had given her maid so many charges to call her in time to take leave of them, that she had firmly relied on her doing so, little imagining that Mrs. Galton had previously determined to spare her the pain of parting. She had left a note for her, in which she reiterated her farewell, and her request to hear frequently from Selina; but the kindness of its expressions, if possible, aggravated the poor girl's sorrow and disappointment. As usual, she gave way unrestrainedly to her feelings, and wept aloud, really unconscious that while her tears flowed ostensibly for Mrs. Galton alone, her regrets arose not a little from the absence of Augustus. But, though Selina de-

ceived herself in the belief, that she only bewailed this her first separation from her beloved aunt, she was most sincere in the grief she professed to feel on her account; for hypocrisy was a stranger to her guileless heart, yet uninitiated in the mysteries of that world, in which the timid and unpractised first learn to conceal the sentiments they actually feel, and conclude by displaying those that are but assumed. On the contrary, her genuine feelings were neither blunted by familiarity with sorrow, nor exhausted by the premature cultivation of sickly sensibility; and, though a more sobered reason might have wished the expression of them to be occasionally restrained, yet even a Stoic might have confessed, that the perfection of her judgment would have been dearly purchased by any alteration in the susceptibility of her heart.

Her melancholy toilet was scarcely finished, before she was summoned to Lady Eltondale's dressing-room. Her

Ladyship advanced to the door to meet her with unusual cordiality of manner; but she scarcely beheld her wan countenance, when, starting back, she exclaimed with surprise, "Good heavens, child! what can be the matter? Oh! I had really forgotten Mrs. Galton's departure. Why, Selina, you could not have disfigured yourself more, if she was gone to heaven instead of to Bath. Here, La Fayette, do bring some cold cream to Miss Seymour, and a little *eau de Cologne*. However, my dear girl, I cannot regret that you have so totally disguised yourself to-day, as we shall have a pleasant *tête à tête*. You shall breakfast up stairs with me this morning, for you are really at present not presentable."

Lady Eltondale's kind consideration for Selina individually, and apparent indifference to the cause of her sorrow, was, perhaps, more effectual in its temporary suppression, than the most sympathetic condolences would have been; and, be-

fore Mons. Argant made his appearance with the apparatus for breakfast, Selina had sufficiently recollected herself, to request Lady Eltondale not to derange her plans on her account, but to remember her other guests.

"My dear little rustic," answered her Ladyship, laughing, "your odd notions really remind me of the last century. Nobody plays the part of hostess now; and as to guests—none could be admitted into a fashionable house, that do not know how to make themselves perfectly at home in it. I declare you are so simple, you would hardly have understood the merit of Mr. Frederick Bijou appearing last spring at a party his wife gave to the Prince, with a round hat under his arm, to show he was the only stranger in the room. Why now every inn in a country village is fitted up with all the conveniences of a private house; and the best praise you can give to a family mansion is to compare it to an hotel." The Vis-

countess was excessively entertained at the artless surprise expressed by her auditor; and concluded some similar observations by saying, she knew Selina would be so astray in the scene into which she had been thus suddenly dropt, that she was very glad nobody would be with them till after Christmas. "Then," said Selina, "I suppose Lady Hammersley is gone." "Oh! dear no—but she is nobody. Sir Robert is a relation of my Lord's; and I am obliged to go through the martyrdom of hearing his barbarous phraseology for at least a month every year, and I am afraid ten days of the penance are yet to come. Lady Hammersley never visits London; and, indeed, I believe the good woman thinks herself almost contaminated by even venturing as far as this within the Charybdean pool.—But, poor soul! she need not be afraid. If fashion was absolutely epidemical, she would never suffer from the contagion. She and the Admiral

spend nine months of every year at Bath; he, drinking the water and reading the newspapers, and she, playing cards and writing essays. However, you may turn even her to account; for in one half hour you will learn more what vice is, from her long-syllabled declamations against it, than your poor innocent head would dream of in a twelvemonth."

"And which of the parents does the son resemble?" asked Selina, laughing. "Why, it is difficult to divine what nature intended him to be. One may parody Cowper, and say, 'God made them, but he has made himself;' and what the composition will turn out, I know not. He wishes to be a man of the world, and affects the reputation of vice, without having the courage to be wicked. I verily believe he is often at church of a Sunday evening, when he pretends to be at the gaming-table. However, you need not be inquisitive about him, for he will never condescend to no-

tice you, till he ascertains whether you are the fashion or not. He does not want money, and he does want *ton*; and you know, according to the new system of craniology, men ought to choose their wives by the inverse ratio of their own deficiences. But you don't inquire about Mademoiselle Omphalie, whom I thought you meant last night to swear an everlasting friendship with. I asked her here solely for your sake."

Selina coloured, and expressed her thanks with her usual warmth and *empressement*.

"But I do not intend Mademoiselle Omphalie to be Miss Seymour's bosom friend. She is a public singer, my dear, and as such her reputation is perfect;—her private character is, I believe, much less immaculate; but with that, you know, we have nothing to do. The world now adopts the precept, 'Judge not that ye be not judged;' and, if people are wise enough not to hold the lantern to their

own vices, they need not be troubled with any Diogenes. As to Mademoiselle Omphalie, she is just now on the tottering point of respectability, which, of course, makes her doubly decorous in her general behaviour; and, as I do not think her reputation can survive another winter, I was extremely anxious to seize this opportunity of giving you the advantage of her talents and instruction in music. But, Selina, don't let her instruct you in any thing else, for she would infallibly make you a prude or a coquette, and I scarcely know which I hate most."

It is impossible to express Selina's astonishment at Lady Eltondale's conversation. When they had last met, she had been both delighted and surprised at the ease and elegance of her manners; but as she had only seen her in the company of Mrs. Galton, she was totally unconscious of the degree of levity to which that ease of manner could degenerate, either from accident or design. Lady

Eltondale now entertained her wondering guest with a style of conversation to which she was totally unused. It is true, her expressions, like her conduct, were so guarded that no weak point was left open to censure; but she seemed so little to respect the barriers between vice and virtue, that they appeared to be considered by her as by no means insurmountable;—and Selina, finding those principles of rigid propriety now ridiculed, which she had hitherto been taught only to venerate, wondered for a moment whether the error lay in her Ladyship's frivolity or her own ignorance.

Meantime the Viscountess was not unobservant of her niece. She perceived that her changing countenance portrayed every varying emotion, almost before she was herself conscious of its influence. Sometimes the expression of her dark brow led her to fear, that Selina was capable of making deep reflections, though she willingly believed her de-

ficient in resolution. At other times the arch smile, that played round her dimpled mouth, showed she was by no means insensible to the charms of raillery and satire, whilst the half-formed reply seemed to insinuate, that she could emulate the bewitching, though dangerous, talent she admired. But above all, Lady Eltondale failed not to remark the evanescent nature of all Selina's feelings, which almost seemed to exhaust themselves in the first stage of their existence. Hers was indeed "the tear forgot as soon as shed;" and, as she accompanied Lady Eltondale through the various apartments of her splendid house, and innocently expressed her delight and wonder at all she saw, her experienced and artful guide smiled at the rapid transitions of her thoughts, and anticipated a speedy conquest over a mind, which appeared already weakened by inherent volatility.

When Selina joined the party at dinner-time, Mrs. Galton, Augustus, and the

Hall, seemed already to be forgotten by her. It was true the roses in her cheek yet drooped from the effect of the morning shower; but her lovely countenance had reassumed that expression of content and pleasure which was most natural to it.—But,

> How like this spring of love resembleth
> The uncertain glories of an April day,
> Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
> And by and by a cloud takes all away.

Unfortunately at dinner Lord Eltondale addressed to her one of his inconsiderate compliments, in which he alluded, with more kindness than delicacy, to her recent misfortune. The unexpected mention of her father overcame her spirits; and, as usual, without reference to the spectators, she gave way to the feelings of the moment, and burst into tears. Mr. Hammersley, laying down his knife and fork, turned to stare at the mourner with an expression of countenance, that seemed

to say, it was long since he had witnessed the natural emotions of a susceptible heart. Lady Eltondale withdrew the attention of Mademoiselle Omphalie by making some opportune inquiry. But Sir Robert's observation of Selina was not to be evaded. After looking at her steadfastly for some minutes, he exclaimed, "Come, come, my girl, cheer up;—swab the spray off your bowsprit, and never let the toppinglifts of your heart go down. If your father has got into port before you, if you keep a steady course and a true reckoning, you'll be sure of having a good birth alongside of him in a tide or two. Here, toss off this bumper, and haul in your jib sheet."

Selina could not help smiling at the manner in which the kind-hearted old man offered his consolation. But Lady Hammersley, who had hitherto remained in silence, now remarked in an emphatic tone, that "It was a work of supererogation to endeavour to suppress the tear

of filial regret. A few weeks' association with the votaries of fashion would effectually eradicate the meritorious sentiments, and teach hypocritical sensibility to fictitious griefs to be ostentatiously substituted for genuine susceptibility."

From that day, during the remainder of his stay at Eltondale, Sir Robert Hammersley seemed to interest himself particularly about Selina. And though his Lady seldom condescended to address herself to her, yet even the cynical turn of her conversation implied approbation of Miss Seymour's present character by the very anticipations of its speedy alteration, which she daily repeated. Mr. Hammersley, as Lady Eltondale had prophesied, scarcely noticed the untutored girl, and seldom joined the morning party, except when Mademoiselle Omphalie was employed in communicating her enchanting talents to Selina, whose rapid progress astonished even Lady Eltondale. She already perfectly understood the science

of music; and her naturally fine voice was peculiarly adapted to exemplify Mademoiselle Omphalie's excellent instructions. Even before many weeks had passed, Selina could not only join her in some beautiful Italian duets, but also accompany herself very tolerably on the harp, which soon became her favourite instrument.

CHAPTER II.

Le faux bien qu'elle prêche est plus dangereux que le mal même, en ce qu'il séduit par une apparence de raison, en ce qu'il fait préférer l'usage et les maximes du monde, à l'exacte probité, en ce qu'il fait consister la sagesse dans un certain milieu entre le vice et la vertu*.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, A M. D'ALEMBERT.

SELINA was not less attentive to Lady Eltondale's various lessons on propriety and elegance, than she had been to the instructions of Mademoiselle Omphalie. And though Lady Hammersley's satirical

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* The false propriety which she preaches is more dangerous than vice itself, inasmuch as it seduces by an appearance of reason—inasmuch as it recommends the usages and the maxims of the world in preference to strict integrity—inasmuch as it makes wisdom appear to be a certain medium between vice and virtue.

predictions were not yet fulfilled, as to any alteration that had taken place in her mind; yet it was evident, before she had been many weeks at Eltondale, that her general deportment was considerably changed since she had been under the superintendence of the Viscountess. Perhaps no woman ever more thoroughly understood the rules of politeness than did Lady Eltondale; and though a pupil formed entirely in her school would scarcely have failed to acquire, ultimately, that freezing apathy which was one of her own most distinguishing characteristics, yet the refinement of her manners was by no means an unfortunate counterpoise to the natural vivacity of Selina's. If it could have been possible to unite the unpolished exterior of the one with the unsophisticated mind of the other, it would have formed as perfect a whole, as if the rich and exuberant fancy of a Titian had been harmonized by the chastely correct judgment of a Michael Angelo.

Lady Eltondale had been right in believing, that Mr. Hammersley would not venture to admire the superior charms of Miss Seymour, till they had become current by receiving the die of fashion; and, as he found but little pleasure in the comparatively quiet society at Eltondale, he pleaded an indispensable engagement, and set off for town a few days after Selina's arrival. Nor did Sir Robert and Lady Hammersley protract their stay much longer. Early in January they returned to Bath, and their places at Eltondale were almost immediately filled by other visitors; for Lady Eltondale could never bear to be alone; and though on account of her brother's recent death she forbore giving any very public entertainments, or receiving the most dissipated of her acquaintances, yet a constant succession of parties filled up to her, in some degree, the charm of a winter's seclusion; and the gay and fashionable manners of several of her guests served to introduce

Selina to those frivolous amusements, which are generally the outposts to more reprehensible pursuits.

Selina's deep mourning had at first served as an excuse for her declining to partake of the gayer engagements the neighbourhood of Eltondale occasionally afforded. For, notwithstanding the avidity with which she entered into the pleasures by which she was surrounded, she was still sufficiently unlearned in the ways of the world to believe, that, at least where the memory of a parent was concerned, it was not altogether decorous

> "To bear about the mockery of woe
> "To midnight dances and the publick show;"

and having at first received Mrs. Galton's approbation of her forbearance, she resisted in that one instance all Lady Eltondale's arguments and entreaties.—Happy would it have been for her, if she could always have resorted to the counsel of such a friend as Mrs. Galton. Lady

Eltondale felt mortified by the unexpected resistance to her wishes, in a point she deemed so trifling; but, however, she compromised the matter with Selina, by prevailing upon her to change her sable dress at the end of three months, and to give up her mourning entirely at the end of six, which term would arrive before their going to London. She at the same time secretly resolved to interrupt, as much as possible, Selina's correspondence with Mrs. Galton, foreseeing it might, in other instances, equally frustrate her intentions and designs:—not that she could exactly define, even to herself, why she was so solicitous not only to supplant Mrs. Galton in Miss Seymour's affection, but also to change even the very character of her niece. She looked upon the engagement between her and Mr. Elton almost as irrevocable; and it was indeed a matter of comparative indifference to her, what was the true character of the woman she was so anxious to make his

wife. But the real motive of the Viscountess' conduct, of which she herself was scarcely conscious, was a jealousy of Mrs. Galton's influence over Selina's mind, and an envious hatred produced by the consciousness of her own inferiority to her rival in her niece's affection; and she was perfectly aware that she could by no means so essentially mortify the woman she hated, or lessen the influence she so much dreaded, as by undermining the principles and changing the character Mrs. Galton had taken so much pains and pride in forming.

One morning Lady Eltondale entered the breakfast-room before Selina had returned from her usual early ramble; and as she carelessly tossed over the letters, which were left on the table to be claimed by their owners, her eye rested on one directed to Miss Seymour, in a handwriting with which she was unacquainted. She had understood from Selina, that she had no correspondent but Mrs. Galton;

and her curiosity was not a little roused by perceiving the seal bore the impression of the well-known Mordaunt arms. While she still held the letter in her hand, Selina entered the room;—the Viscountess feeling a momentary embarrassment in being detected so closely examining a letter directed to another, hastily concealed it, resolving to replace it next day. But in error, *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.* No person that voluntarily treads on the threshold of vice, can be certain that they will always have it in their power to retrace their steps. Lady Eltondale would probably have shuddered at the idea of deliberately intercepting a letter, and still more of clandestinely perusing it; yet having thus unpremeditatedly possessed herself of the one in question, she could not resist the further temptation of satisfying herself as to the nature of its contents, and accordingly opened it as soon as she found herself alone. It proved to be, as

she suspected, a letter from Augustus. In truth, the expression of Selina's countenance, the last evening they had spent together, had never faded from his "mind's eye." With all the tenacity of a lover's memory, he called to remembrance every look, every word that seemed to flatter his fond wishes; and then, with all the subtlety of a lover's rhetoric, he persuaded himself that no duty he owed to the memory of Sir Henry forbad his endeavouring at least to retain whatever share of Selina's good opinion he already possessed; though he was still determined so far to respect the expressed wish of the Baronet, as not to precipitate a declaration of his own attachment, till Selina had an opportunity of fully understanding her own heart, and making her selection between him and Mr. Elton. Thus compromising between his passion and his principles, he addressed Selina in the character of trustee to her estate, and profiting by the excuse

which that situation afforded him, conjured Selina to point out in what way he could be of most use; expressing his anxiety to be of service to her, in the warmest terms that passion under the mask of friendship could suggest.

Had this letter then reached Selina, it would have spared her many hours of future sorrow. But Lady Eltondale determined it should not do so. Her penetration too soon discovered its real import;—she perceived

> "Love's secret flame
> Lurk'd under friendship's sacred name:"

and, with her usual sophistry, persuading herself that the end sanctified the means, she congratulated herself on the steps she had taken, and believed her laudable anxiety for the welfare of her step-son justified her treacherous conduct to her orphan niece. She was not long in deciding on the best measures to prevent a continuation of a correspondence so

dangerous to her favourite scheme; and enclosing the letter back to Mordaunt, wrote the following note in the envelope:

"Lady Eltondale presents her compliments to Mr. Mordaunt, and her best thanks for his polite offers of service, which, however, she begs to decline as Mr. Elton is expected to return to England immediately, who will of course superintend himself the management of all Miss Seymour's estates. Lady Eltondale returns Mr. Mordaunt's letter, as perhaps he may, at a future time, wish to refer to it on the subject of Wilson's farm, upon which Miss Seymour, in her present delicate situation, feels no wish either to correspond or decide."

It would be impossible to describe the mortification and disappointment this laconic epistle occasioned Augustus. He felt justly indignant at the manner in which his proffered kindness had been

rejected; and considered the insult in no slight degree aggravated by the circumstance of Selina permitting a third person to convey her own unfeeling reply. In one moment the bright vision of hope and joy, that had flitted before him, dissolved in air; and, from the delighted contemplation of all her charms, he sunk in an instant into the opposite extreme, and equally exaggerated all her failings. He recalled to mind Mr. Temple's observations, which now seemed absolutely prophetic; and, passing rapidly from one passion to another, upbraided her not only with the foibles she really possessed, but even with those errors that were as yet but anticipated. By degrees, however, the storm subsided. He so often repeated to himself that she was now perfectly indifferent to him, that he flattered himself it was really the case; and he determined thenceforward only to consider her as the wife of Mr. Elton, believing that appellation would act as a talisman, to prevent a re-

turn of a passion he had now persuaded himself was perfectly hopeless.

While Augustus, in his retirement at Oxford, was thus endeavouring to extinguish feelings that were only a source of regret; and while Mrs. Galton was consoling herself as much as possible for her separation from her beloved child, by renewing old friendships, and forming new acquaintances at Bath, Selina was, by degrees, becoming more familiarized with the levity, duplicity, and frivolity, which were daily exemplified in the manners of Lady Eltondale and her different visitors. At length the time approached for their removal to London: an early day in April was fixed for their journey, which Selina anticipated with all the delight of a young vivacious girl, that at last found herself on the confines of a new world of pleasure, the enjoyments of which were yet untasted, and its sorrows unsuspected.

When the moment of their departure actually came, she gave way to unmixed

feelings of joy. She laughed, sung, and frolicked round the room like a sportive child, and yet she could scarcely define her own emotions. She was hardly conscious that her pleasure, in a great degree, arose from the silently cherished hope of seeing Augustus. She had felt surprised, and even hurt, at his not having, as she supposed, made any inquiry after her, during her four months' stay at Eltondale. But she had always felt an unaccountable unwillingness to mention his name to Lady Eltondale; nor did she even to herself confess how much the expectation of seeing him once more contributed to the pleasure she anticipated from her visit to London.

The future was now opened to her view like an extended horizon, shining in all the luxury of light, which, while the intervening masses of the ground lay concealed, depicted no object in its natural colours, but touching here and there some prominent beauty with its most resplen-

dent rays, confounded all the rest in one undistinguishable mass of brilliancy. As they were stepping into the carriage, a letter from Mr. Elton was delivered to Lord Eltondale. Little did Selina imagine she had any reason to be interested in the packet his Lordship so anxiously perused; and even had she been aware of the mention made in it of herself, it would scarcely have had power to withdraw her thoughts from the nearer, and therefore with her more powerful attraction.

TO THE VISCOUNT ELTONDALE.

Paris, April 3.

I BEG you will, my dear father, accept my best thanks for your last kind letter, though I must remark, that your affectionate solicitude for my happiness makes you over anxious to promote it. I confess I was more surprised than pleased to find, that, without in the least consulting my inclinations, you had entered into an engagement to contract Miss Seymour

to me! Pardon me, my Lord; but had you and Sir Henry Seymour been employed in assisting each other to match your carriage horses instead of your children, less ceremony could scarcely have been nsed. You dilate much on Miss Seymour's beauty and fortune:—I am no cynic; yet, strange to say, the one is nearly as indifferent to me as the other. However if I find, on becoming acquainted with the *character* of the young lady in question, I can esteem and love her, I shall not object to her beauty or her riches, but shall duly appreciate the honour she would confer on me in making me her husband. But till I can judge for myself, I feel I have a right to demand, that neither you nor *Lady Eltondale* will do aught to compromise my honour in this affair. In a word, these are not times to risk the well-being of one so young and lovely, by a match of mere convenience: unless I can feel for the "*innocent charming*" Selina, Lady Eltondale

so eloquently describes, all the attachment she merits, I will never have the cruelty to unite myself to her. Her orphan state sanctifies her in my eyes. Had she a father or brother to watch over her welfare, I might, perhaps, be less scrupulous ; for, as it regards myself, it is a matter of perfect indifference to me whom I marry now—my hopes are frustrated, my spirits depressed, and I feel it a mere mockery to mention happiness and marriage together. Perhaps some ten years hence, when "I have forgot myself to stone," I may sacrifice the remnant of my joyless existence to family interests.

"As all my prospects of felicity in private life are blasted, I turn with more avidity to that course of public usefulness, which alone can now afford me satisfaction. Every thing has been sacrificed to it.

"I wish to obtain your consent to my remaining some time longer in this capi-

tal, to continue a course of inquiry I have entered into on points of great political importance, and to profit by the acquaintance of some public characters, who may aid me in my pursuits. I am grieved at what you tell me about the mortgage on Eltondale. Would my joining you in a bond be of any use?—If so, command me."

As the rest of Mr. Elton's letter was on law business, it could be of no interest except to the person to whom it was addressed.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAPTER III.

Quid Romæ faciam? Mentiri nescio *.

JUVENAL.

I am as true as Truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of Truth.

SHAKESPEARE.

SELINA'S impatience to reach the end of her journey made her consider it tedious in its progress, notwithstanding the velocity with which Lady Eltondale always travelled; who was too much a woman of fashion not to increase as much as possible her own consequence along the king's highway, by the trifling exertion of keeping the poor goaded animals which had the honor of drawing her vehicle

* What should I do at Rome, unknowing how to feign?

at their utmost speed, thereby endangering the lives of such of his majesty's peaceful subjects as happened to approach them. As to Lord Eltondale, he seldom found leisure to reflect on the consequence attending any direction her Ladyship pleased to give; and even had he reflected, he would scarcely have ventured to dissent, so confirmed was his habit of passive acquiescence. Indeed, poor man, he was in a situation something similar to the coronet on his own equipage, — an external appendage to Lady Eltondale, which, while hurried along under the direction of her caprice, gave her a dignity in the eyes of the many, who merely look on the outside of every thing, but, in reality, totally disregarded by all those who were admitted into the interior.

At last, from a little eminence on the road, the first view of London broke on Selina's delighted eye. And yet such had been the exaggerated picture of this

queen of cities, which her vivid imagination had drawn, that the *coup d'œil* almost disappointed her. It is true, a long line of smoke darkened the whole horizon, yet she could scarcely believe, the towers she saw so pre-eminent in the distance were really the St. Paul's, and Westminster Abbey, she had so long wished to see. Judgment must be corrected by experience, before it can form a true scale for grandeur either moral or physical. However, as by degrees Selina discovered the immensity of the parts, she formed some idea of the comparative magnitude of the whole; and as she approached the metropolis, the throng of passengers of every rank, the crowd of carriages of all descriptions, the protracted suburbs, and the bustling scene altogether, nearly overcame her agitated spirits; and, at last, when the carriage was suddenly stopped, and for some minutes detained in Bond Street by the concourse of people, her heart became oppressed with contending

feelings. She experienced that worst pang of solitude — a consciousness of being alone in a crowd; and, leaning back in the carriage, she burst into tears. This was, however, but a momentary depression; her elastic spirits soon recovered their spring; and when the barouche stopped in Portman Square, she bounded out of it, and gaily followed Lady Eltondale into her new abode.

For a moment she paused to look round the splendid drawing rooms, as if to ascertain that the scene was real, and no fleeting vision of her fancy. Then darting forward, she roamed from room to room, admiring every thing, examining nothing: the china, the mirrors, the statues, the lamps, the chandeliers, all in turn caught her attention, and all were in turn abandoned;

> "Gold, silver, iv'ry, vases sculptur'd high,
> Paint, marbles, gems, and robes of Persian dye."

At last she noticed the balcony, that

"rifled all the breathing spring," and flew to the open French window, expressing aloud all her admiration.

"All that does vastly well, my dear Selina, now we are *tête a tête*," quietly said the Viscountess, who, in the mean time, had been looking over the cards that nearly covered one of her tables. "But, pray child, don't be too *naïve*. You must learn to suppress your feelings; indeed, my dear, you must. If you choose to adopt the *ton* of natural manners, do so, *cela vous sied bien*; but make the proper distinction between simplicity and ignorance. I will never act the *chaperone* to "*La contadina in corte*." Then perceiving her rebuke had, at the moment, all the effect she desired, she took Selina's arm, and familiarly leaning on it, "Come, my love," added she, "let me introduce you to your own apartments: I feel you are so much my child, I quite forget to play the Lady Macbeth, and kindly bid you welcome." Lady Elton-

dale knew so well how to soften the asperity of reproof, without weakening its effect, that, perhaps, there were no moments in which her fascinating powers were more displayed, than when she finely touched a string a less skilful hand would jar: and, having once hinted to Selina that possibility of her unrestrained emotions being construed into the affectation of *naïveté*; she knew the diffidence that suggestion would occasion, would have the effect of making her still more pliable to her well versed instructress in the arts of fashion.

Selina's toilet was soon made, and she repaired to the drawing room, long before her aunt was dressed. Here she prepared to renew, at leisure, her entertaining examination; and, for this purpose, leaned on a marble table, to admire the perfection of *bijouterie*, as it was fully exemplified in a French clock that it supported. She had not long remained thus employed, when she was disturbed by a

voice close behind her ear, exclaiming, "Beautiful! enchanting! divine, upon my soul!" and turning round, she perceived a gentleman, who, in the mean time, had been as attentively, and, to all appearance, not less delightedly examining her. She colored, but made him a slight curtsy, to which he returned a bow, as obsequious as he could accomplish without withdrawing his eyes from her countenance; whilst his own was intended to express the most reverential admiration: but so little obedient were his features to his feelings, that their expression bordered on the ludicrous, and thereby served as an antidote to his ardent, and almost impertinent gaze. The ceremonious salute was prolonged by both, to enable each to assume a proper, though different, control over their features: but Selina, finding her risible muscles moved almost beyond the power of restraint, turned towards a chair, which her spell-struck admirer presented

to her in silence, and with protracted admiration.

The figure that thus offered incense at her shrine was one, that would more properly have served as a prototype to a Silenus than a Cupid. He was habited in the very extreme of fashion, apparently unconscious that his ill-proportioned limbs, and corpulent form, "made by nature's journeymen," were but ill adapted to the exhibition of a tailor's art. His head, which was immense, rose out of a filleting of neckcloth, that seemed to impede his respiration; at least such might be inferred from the deepened color of his swoln cheeks. In one hand he held a newspaper, and in the other a glass, which he always applied to his eye when he meant to recognize an acquaintance, always saving and reserving to himself the privilege of "*cutting*" an old friend on the plea of short-sightedness.

He had neither the graces of youth,

nor the respectability of age; and yet, merely because he had become, nobody knew how or why, the *ton*, he was a welcome inmate of every fashionable mansion. His recommendations, such as they were, consisted in a capability of relating a good story in the best possible manner, and of submitting patiently to a hoax from his superiors, always knowing how and when to return the compliment with interest: besides,

> "Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
> Tastes, for his friend, of fowl and fish,
> Tells all their names, lays down the law,
> *Que çà est bon! Ah! goûtez çà.*"

He was, in truth, a living *Almanac des Gourmands*, and could withal play well, and bet high at every game. Being a professed old bachelor, he took the liberty of paying to ladies such undressed compliments, as, however acceptable

they may be from some, it is not the etiquette to listen to from all. And perhaps from this assumed license, which he owed chiefly to his own ugliness, did he derive that privilege of which he was most vain, an undisputed right to decide on all claims to female beauty.

Such was the character and appearance of Sir James Fenton, whom Lady Eltondale, on entering, formally introduced to Selina: adding, in a manner half ironical and half serious, "This is my niece, Miss Seymour, for whom I bespeak your patronage, Sir James; I expect you will make her your first toast all this next month." Sir James acceded to her Ladyship's request with all possible seriousness; and leaning over the chair of the Viscountess, while he continued his scrutiny of Selina, lavished on her beauty the most rapturous praise in an audible voice, and, in a tone of criti-

cism, concluding, as he conducted Lady Eltondale to the dinner room,—

> Let her be seen; could she that wish obtain,
> All other wishes her own power would gain.

Selina scarcely knew whether to be most offended at Sir James's effrontery, or entertained by his originality. She had not an opportunity to decide on this important question afterwards, as he did not make his re-appearance in the drawing room.

Lord Eltondale had accidentally met him in Bond Street, as he strolled down towards the Royal Institution; and Sir James had accepted his casual invitation to dinner, for the sole purpose of seeing "the beautiful heiress;" and being able to anticipate the judgment the connoisseurs were to pass on her title to admiration. For Lady Eltondale had not been idle during her stay in the country; she was well aware, that there was no way by which a woman could better secure

the admiration of any one man, than by convincing him she had obtained that of the rest of the world; and having gained "the beautiful heiress" for Frederick Elton, she wished to enhance the gift in his eyes, by increasing her value in those of others.

She knew that Selina's beauty was above praise, and that, even had she been less lovely, an *heiress* was always transformed into a goddess, in the pages of a newspaper. She therefore had written, previous to their arrival in town, to about twenty of her confidential friends, making very slight mention of Selina's person, but giving a most minute detail of her property; and thus prepared the paragraph in the Morning Post, which next day met Selina's eyes, describing herself as

> "A creature,
> Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
> Of all professors else, make proselytes
> Of whom she bid but follow."

Lady Eltondale was excessively entertained at the surprise and confusion of Selina, at reading this unexpected compliment to her own charms, the real existence of which she was totally unconscious of. As the time had arrived when Selina had promised to lay aside her mourning, they determined to commence the pleasing toil of shopping that very day, and accordingly visited in turn all the jewellers, milliners, mantua-makers, corset-makers, and shoemakers, and all the *et cetera*, that disputed the palm of fashionable praise. While Lady Eltondale gratified at once her love of extravagance and exquisite taste, as she directed that of her lovely charge, at the same time she indulged Selina's very natural curiosity, by taking her through the different parts of the metropolis; for the wary Viscountess was anxious that Selina should not be produced to the world's eye, while she was herself too new to its wonders, well knowing that all her care and all

her instructions, would scarcely suffice to check the first warm effusions of an unpractised heart.

Some days passed in this manner; and at last the decorations of Selina's lovely person being decided on, the embellishment of her mind was next to be attended to, at least so Lady Eltondale termed the cultivation of her *talents*; for with her *mind* she, in truth, little interfered, however much she wished to direct the expression of her feelings. To perfect her in all the accomplishments of the day, the first masters were engaged to attend her. Selina, in her usual lively manner, wrote to Mrs. Galton an entertaining description of her various avocations, alleging that she was already introduced "to the whole *dramatis personæ* of the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*," consisting of "*un maitre de musique, un maitre à danser, un maitre tailleur, plusieurs laquais*," and that she hoped "*les hommes du bel*

air would soon make the *entrée du ballet.*"

A beautiful boudoir was resigned to Selina by the Viscountess for her morning room, as it by no means was a part of her Ladyship's plan, that Selina should be *à porté* to the train of idle visitors that formed her usual levee. She knew the world well enough to be aware, that even beauty might grow familiar, and "pall on the eye;" and the more Miss Seymour was found difficult of access, the more would her society be sought. Therefore in acceding to Selina's entreaty to be allowed to pass her morning, as usual, in employment, while apparently only yielding to her wishes, she in truth pursued her own. Selina, with gratitude and delight, took possession of her little Paradise, for so she deemed it; into it she speedily removed her books, her drawing materials, and her magnificent new harp, which had been one of her first purchases, and there

did she devote many hours to practising the lessons she daily received; particularly attending to the improvement of her naturally fine voice, which she could already accompany tolerably well on her new instrument; and often did she find her toil amply recompensed by a silent reflection of "how delighted Augustus and aunt Mary would be to hear me now!"

Nearly a fortnight had elapsed since their arrival in town, and Lady Eltondale became tired of remaining so long in private; for though she had, in truth, been out every evening, she had not yet gone to any large assembly, not wishing to appear in public without Selina, and choosing that her *début* should take place at her own house. She therefore sent out her cards for "a small party, with music;" and in the selection she made of her intended guests, took care that nearly all the leaders of *ton*, of both sexes, should be invited, whose fiat could at

once impress the stamp of fashion on her *protégée*, for of their award she felt well assured, as her own silence on her beauty indicated. In the mean time she was most assiduous in preparing Selina for the exhibition. An easy but beautiful duet was practised and repractised with Mademoiselle Omphalie, who declared her full approbation of her quick adaptation of her style. Another was "*got up*," in which Selina was to accompany Madame ——— on the piano forte, with just as many full chords on the harp as would show her beautiful figure to advantage, and impress the company with an idea of her manifold accomplishments; and a popular air, with brilliant variations, was selected for her performance on the piano forte, which was, in truth, the only part of the *scene* in which poor Selina felt the least assurance of success. At last the evening arrived, and Selina attended her aunt to the drawing room in a tumult of contending

feelings: she stood on the threshold of pleasure—hope danced in her eyes, whilst the blush of timidity flushed her cheek. The magnificence of the apartments, the splendor of the lights, the perfume of the flowers, at once dazzled and delighted her. All the rooms were opened, and all shone in one blaze of borrowed day except the favourite boudoir: it too was open, and in it still sweeter flowers charmed the sense. But its simple, though beautiful, decorations, were more obscured than shown by the pale light of lamps, which shed almost a moonlight around, as they darted their tempered rays through vases of transparent alabaster. It seemed like the retreat of luxurious elegance receding from the world's glare; and Selina herself appeared like the goddess of this blest abode. Her dress had been entirely superintended by the Viscountess, as Selina neither understood nor valued the arts of the toilet; but her well versed aunt, knowing that

the reputation of Selina's immense fortune was already sufficiently extended, had determined to consider nothing in this her first appearance, but how best to heighten her natural loveliness. The style of her dress was of the chastest simplicity. Her luxuriant hair, "when unadorned adorned the most," shone in no borrowed ornament, but every tress was arranged by the nicest hand of art, "then best exercised when least displayed." No jewels shed round her their meretricious glare; her gown of pure white seemed as spotless as the robe of innocence—but its beauty was not the effect of chance: no fold was unimpressed with the finest touch experienced taste could bestow; and, as Lady Eltondale turned her eyes on the beautiful girl, thus moulded to all the external perfection she could have desired, she smiled at the anticipation of the triumphs that awaited her.

The frequent knocks, and rapidly re-

peated succession of names, announced to Selina that the Ides of March were come. Lady Eltondale took her station in the most conspicuous part of the rooms, for the purpose of receiving her guests; and never was the fascinating elegance of her manners more conspicuously displayed than on such occasions. At first she kept Selina leaning on her arm, for the purpose of showing her blushing charms to all, and of actually introducing her to a favored few. But the rooms rapidly filling, and the music being commenced, Lady Eltondale left Miss Seymour under the peculiar protection of the old Dutchess of Saltoun, whose countenance showed how truly she was delighted with her young acquaintance. But Lady Eltondale, in withdrawing from Selina, did not cease to observe all her motions. Nor was she a little gratified at the universal murmur of applause her appearance excited, thus bursting into view in all the heightened effect of un-

expected beauty. All the fashionable beaux in the room crowded round the new star, expressing, in all the variety of tones and gestures, their admiration of her loveliness: at last, their profuse compliments confusing, rather than gratifying Selina, she looked anxiously round for her aunt, and perceived her standing in earnest conversation with two gentlemen, in one of whom, with equal surprise and pleasure, she recognised Augustus, and the other she rightly conjectured to be Lord Osselstone.

CHAPTER IV.

Quando muovo le luci a mirar voi,
La forma che nel cor m'impressa Amore,
Io mi sento agghiacciar dentro e di fuore,
Al primo lampeggiar de' raggi moi.
A le nobil maniere affiso poi,
A le rare virtuti, al gran valore,
Ragionarmi pian piano, odo nel core*.

ARIOSTO.

To account for the unexpected appearance of Lord Osselstone and Mordaunt

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* When tremblingly I raise my eyes,
To view that form, which in my breast
The hand of Love has deep impress'd,
My shiv'ring frame, in sudden trance,
Congeals beneath thy lightning glance;--
But soon my heart, in broken sighs,
Renews the tale it told before,
And, counting all thy beauties o'er,

together at Lady Eltondale's party, it will be necessary briefly to mention, that, soon after Augustus had left Mrs. Galton at Bath, the Earl had arrived there, and accidentally renewed their acquaintance. The frequent opportunity of intercourse, which all such places afford, having produced a degree of unexpected association between her and the Earl, it was not unnatural, that the nephew of the one and the favourite of the other should frequently become the subject of their discourse; and Mrs. Galton delighted in expatiating on the fine character of her dear Augustus, with whom she kept up a constant and confidential correspondence.

There were few characters so much

Dwells on thy talents, virtues rare,
Thy mind so pure, thy form so fair,
Till even hope amid the whispers dies.

N. B. Freezing beneath a *lightning* glance, in the original—a fair example of Italian concetti.

respected by Lord Osselstone as that of Mrs. Galton. Candour and simplicity were the qualities of all others, which, by not calling forth from him the defensive armour of distrust and penetration, left his heart more open to the impressions of real worth. The Earl knew that on common subjects Mrs. Galton could have no interest in appearing to him other than she really was; and on the subject of Augustus in particular, though he sometimes mentally accused her of exaggeration, he was perfectly convinced she was uniformly sincere. She once, in her zealous friendship, communicated to his Lordship a part of Augustus' correspondence with herself; and to this transcript of his mind, which was incontestably written without design of being read by a third person, did Lord Osselstone give more credit than to her partial representation of the original.

The consequence of these communications became afterwards apparent. Lord

Osselstone soon removed to London; and one day meeting Augustus in the street, he accosted him with so much of the *suaviter in modo*, that his at first unbending pride was finally subdued. For never yet had Lord Osselstone encountered a rock which he could not dissolve, though by more dulcet means than those attributed to the Carthaginian hero; and the Alpine snow, which had hitherto enveloped both uncle and nephew, being once thawed, a frequency of intercourse, as unsought as unexpected on the part of Mordaunt, had taken place between them: not that they were yet intimate, or appeared likely to become so. A certain magic circle seemed to surround Lord Osselstone; and though the politeness and condescension of his manners attracted others to its very verge, there was still a secondary, though invisible repulsive power, that forbade approach beyond its well defined limits.

Augustus now received frequent invi-

tations to Osselstone House, both for large dinner parties, and for the still more flattering distinction of a *tête à tête*; but though he daily met with considerate and even kind attentions from the Earl, he could not help still feeling he was more his *patron* than his *friend*. Lord Osselstone frequently concluded a *tête á tête* dinner, in which he had exerted every charm of conversation for the entertainment of his guest, at the same time eliciting all the varied powers of understanding that guest possessed, by proposing that he should accompany him to those higher circles of fashion, which the Earl still occasionally frequented; and in those crowded assemblies where there is so often "company without society, and dissipation without pleasure," the heir to Lord Osselstone's earldom was always welcome, even where the untitled Augustus Mordaunt would scarcely have been noticed.

It may be supposed that Augustus re-

ceived, with no little trepidation, the card his uncle presented him with for Lady Eltondale's assembly. For a moment he hesitated whether or not to accept it; but the thought of being once more in the same room with Selina soon over-balanced his wounded feelings. As he followed his uncle up the sumptuous stair-case in Portman-square, while his heart fluttered between pleasure and de-spondency, his mind had wandered back to the scenes of Deane Hall, and "days long since gone by." By a natural illu-sion Selina's figure had always floated before his fancy, as he had last seen it clothed in the sable garb of woe, with the tear of regret resting on her pallid cheek. How different was the blooming form that now presented itself, as at the moment of his entering the room his eye intuitively singled her out from the crowd that surrounded her. She stood like the queen of beauty receiving the homage of all around, her eyes sparkling with ani-

mation, her whole figure beaming in joy. "Good God, how lovely!" he involuntarily exclaimed. But as his protracted gaze discovered the alterations her manners and appearance had undergone in the few months she had been under the tuition of Lady Eltondale, a cold chill ran through his veins, as he recollected the possibility that her mind might be equally changed; and renewing his scrutinizing glance, he shuddered at the external improvement that had first extorted his admiration, and sighed to think of the lovely artless girl, who would once have flown to meet him with all the innocence of undisguised delight.

But though Augustus had thus instantly recognized Selina, though his eyes had followed her every step, and watched her every motion, she had not then discovered him. The moment she did perceive him, her first impulse was to move towards the spot on which he stood. But she had scarcely taken a few

steps, when she as involuntarily stopped. She became embarrassed, and had she been more experienced in the wayward-ness of the human heart, she would better have known why, with conscious timidity, she hesitated to approach him she was most delighted to behold. Augustus watched her approach, and had advanced a few steps to meet it, but misconstruing her delay, he turned away with a move-ment of pique and ill defined jealousy, entering into apparently interesting con-versation with a very pretty girl who stood near him. At the moment when Selina came near enough to overhear what he was saying, he was busily em-ployed in making gallant apologies to his new friend for not having called upon her, though he acknowledged he had been six weeks in town.

However he could not long keep his resolution, and he again turned to speak to his "heart's best love;" but a pang had shot through Selina's soul, as she had

learned from his own lips that he had been so long in town, and recollected that he had never called in Portman-square. She therefore returned his address with a cold politeness, far, far different from what her manner to him once had been ; and advanced to meet Lady Eltondale, who at that moment was bringing up Lord Osselstone to introduce to her. His Lordship, at the request of the Viscountess, led Selina towards the music-room, where the rest of the musical performers were waiting to accompany her in her formidable undertaking. The harp was to be her first exhibition, and the poor girl, intimidated by the presence of so numerous an audience, and agitated by her rencontre with Mordaunt, could scarcely bring her trembling fingers to touch the strings with any degree of tolerable accuracy. But Lord Osselstone stood beside her, and the calm and dignified support with which he endeavoured to encourage her, assisted her in re-

gaining some degree of composure. As she advanced in her performance, her eye caught the impassioned glance of Mordaunt, and her anxiety to exhibit to him her newly acquired accomplishment lent her an unexpected force, which enabled her to go through the fiery trial beyond her most sanguine expectation. Her playing was of course applauded many degrees beyond its real merit; but she quickly retreated from the flattery that at that moment was indifferent to her. Her eyes instinctively sought Mordaunt's with an anxious, timid, almost beseeching look. His rested on her beautiful countenance with an expression no less unequivocal; and for once they read aright each other's soul; and many months, nay years passed away, before that mutual glance was obliterated from the mind of either. Several minutes elapsed before Augustus could make his way up to Selina, so closely was she surrounded by the unregarded throng; but when he did reach her, one

short sentence expressed his delighted surprise at her new acquirement. "Do you think dear aunt Mary will be pleased too?" whispered Selina. Before he could give any answer to this simple query, gratifying as it doubly was by the sympathy it accidentally expressed to his feelings at the moment, Lady Eltondale approached, and applauded, in the strongest terms, her niece's performance. "Have you also learned to sing, Selina?" said Augustus, as he turned over the loose music that lay on the piano forte. Lady Eltondale hastily replied, with a slight emphasis, "Miss Seymour practises Italian music constantly:—Frederick will find, on his return, good singing is not confined to Italy." A cold weight fell on Augustus's heart;—the visions of happiness, that an instant before had fleeted over his mind, vanished like a charm. He gave a deep sigh, and, seemingly without design, turned towards Selina a duet that caught his eye. It was Mozart's

arrangement of Metastasio's beautiful words :—

> "Ah ! perdona al primo affetto,
> Questo accento sconsigliato
> Colpa fu d'un labbro usato
> A cosi chiamarti ognor."

Selina read the couplet, and casting her eyes over the following verse, coloured deeply at the application she involuntarily made of it. Lady Eltondale, who in the mean time had narrowly watched her changing countenance, roused her from her reverie by introducing to her at that moment Lord George Meredith, who was one of the young men who had been loudest in Miss Seymour's praise. His compliments were now however disregarded, as Selina looked anxiously round for Mordaunt—but he had disappeared. She fancied he had retired to one of the adjoining rooms, and made many excuses not only to her companions, but even to herself, for restlessly

sauntering through them all. Sometimes she recollected she had left her fan behind; another time she persuaded herself Lady Eltondale wanted her;—but still the object she really sought was not to be found. By degrees she became painfully convinced he was actually gone. "It is very odd he should go away so abruptly," thought she; "I had a thousand things to say to him about aunt Mary." And then a confused idea occurring, that the pretty flirting girl, she had seen him talking to, had said something about going to a ball after Lady Eltondale's party, she mechanically retraced her steps, and finding she too had departed, a sickening depression came over her, and she retired to the boudoir to recover herself. But she was not long permitted to rest in peace:—Sir James Fenton, who, led by Lady Eltondale, entered the room laughing with all the exaggerated action that became his character, though not his figure, exclaimed, "Where is the Syren?

Where is the goddess of the night?" Then on perceiving Selina, he resigned the arm of the Viscountess with a low bow, and singing with ludicrous tone and gesture, "*Dove sei amato bene*," advanced to Miss Seymour, who, half dragged, half led, was re-conducted to the music-room.

But the feeling which had supported her in her last effort was now no more. The duet, of which Mademoiselle Omphalie had loudly boasted, was to commence, and Selina exerted herself to the utmost in its execution; but her voice faltered, and before she got half way through it, she burst into tears. Her distress, which was thus evidently unfeigned, now made her nearly as many friends as her charms had before procured her admirers; while Lady Eltondale easily persuaded every body except herself, that it could only arise from timidity, and therefore forbore to join the general request that the effort might be renewed; while

Sir James exclaimed, in all the hyperbole of compliment,

> "Sweet harmonist, and beautiful as sweet,
> And young as beautiful, and soft as young!"

Meantime Lord Osselstone had advanced towards Selina, and there was always something so dignified in his appearance, that those who did not know him involuntarily made way for him; and all those who were acquainted with him did so mechanically. He at first addressed the trembling girl in the language of compliment, but finding her real agitation was not to be soothed by the sovereign balm of flattery, he gradually turned the conversation on Mrs. Galton. Her eyes then beamed with gratitude for his praise, which she believed could not then be insincere; and in her tell-tale countenance and artless expressions, he read a heart not yet practised in the world's wiles. The company be-

gan to separate before their conversation ended ; and as Selina, on her wakeful pillow, recalled to her mind this evening of promised pleasure, she sighed to think, that those few calm moments she had passed with Lord Osselstone were the only ones, on which she could reflect with any tranquillity.

CHAPTER V.

What whispers must the beauty hear!
What hourly nonsense haunts her ear!
Where'er her eyes dispense their charms,
Impertinence around her swarms.

GAY.

THE next morning Selina arose unrefreshed. She could not in any way reconcile to her satisfaction the expression of Mordaunt's countenance, when her eyes met his, and his apparently evident design of shunning her society. "It is so odd," thought she, "he should never have called to see me. He must have known by the newspapers that we were come to town; and then he hardly spoke three words to me all last night, yet his looks were kinder than ever. Well, I think he'll certainly call to-day." As she thus concluded her soliloquy, she turned

once more to her looking-glass, and, as she revised her dress, an involuntary smile played on her lip, as she felt convinced that the negligence of her morning costume was not less becoming than her evening attire had been. Often, as the hours rolled heavily on, did she saunter to the window, and gaze up and down the square, in hopes of descrying Augustus; and often, notwithstanding her mortification, did she smile at her own ridiculous mistakes, as she still fancied every distant passenger must be he, whether tall or short, thick or thin, old or young, ugly or handsome. At last, in despair, she retired to her boudoir, and resumed her drawing; while Lady Eltondale, who was by no means unmindful of her evident restlessness, made no remark upon the subject. At last a loud knock proclaimed the arrival of visitors. Selina started from her seat, and as instantaneously resumed it. In a moment a footman appeared, with " My Lady's com-

pliments, and begs to see you in the drawing-room, ma'am." Selina's heart beat at the unusual summons, while her trembling limbs scarcely supported her as she prepared to obey it. Great then was her disappointment on entering the room, to be overwhelmed at once with the united compliments of the whole Webberly family. She had scarcely presence of mind sufficient to reply to their various civilities ; but fortunately their own anxiety to assume the feelings they deemed appropriate to the occasion, left them no time to investigate those that actually agitated her.

Lady Eltondale soon relieved her from her embarrassment. "Selina, Mrs. Sullivan has been good enough to call for the purpose of taking you to see the exhibition at Somerset House: I know you will be delighted to attend her." Selina turned full round to her aunt with a look of astonishment. She could not believe, that Lady Eltondale had consented to let

her go into public with the very people, whom, of all others, she had most frequently ridiculed, against whose society she had most frequently inveighed. Lady Eltondale met her wondering gaze with an unmoved countenance; and ringing the bell, "Go, my love," said she, "and equip yourself as quickly as possible: I will desire John to send Watson to you, that no time may be lost; and I will either send my carriage, or call for you myself, to save Mrs. Sullivan the trouble of bringing you home." Selina perceived, that excuse or reply would be of no avail; and, before her surprise was abated, she found herself unwillingly seated as a fifth in Mrs. Sullivan's ostentatious equipage.

Little could the artless girl divine the real motive for the Viscountess' singular deviation from her professed rule of allowing Selina no other Chaperone than herself. In truth Mordaunt had called in Portman-square more than once, and

had never been admitted ; a circumstance which he had hitherto wished to attribute either to the mistake of the porter, or to the design of the aunt.

But Selina's manner and looks had been so contradictory, and her whole conduct had, in his opinion, so nearly approached to caprice, that he determined to ascertain whether it were possible she could indeed be accessary to his exclusion. He therefore took the opportunity, while Selina was moving towards the music-room, to ask Lady Eltondale's decided leave to wait on her the next day. The Viscountess, nicely discriminating between Lord Osselstone's nephew and Sir Henry Seymour's *élève*, most graciously granted the permission he solicited; determining at the same to pretend, when he called, that Selina had gone out, even had a less favourable opportunity occurred of ensuring her actually having done so. While, then, poor Selina was taken away so much against

her own inclination, Mordaunt approached Portman-square. At one moment he recalled to his mind, with gratitude and delight, Selina's mute but eloquent application for his approval of her talents: at the next, his heart sunk as he recollected the possibility, that those talents were thus sedulously cultivated for another. "But," thought he, "I am determined to ascertain her real sentiments; perhaps Lady Eltondale obliged her to send me that cruel message; perhaps her heart is yet unchanged; or," continued he, his passion rising at the recollection of the fatal letter, "perhaps she is only influenced by that despicable vanity of her sex, which makes them seek the applause of all, while they return the love of none. But why torture myself thus? her own conduct will best explain itself." Then, commanding all his fortitude to bear the trial, with as much composure as he could assume, he entered Lady Eltondale's drawing-room. She received

him with that grace by which she was so peculiarly distinguished, and with an air of unembarrassed kindness, that might have deluded one more experienced. To his inquiries for Selina she replied, with an air of perfect candour, " She is gone to take a drive with Mrs. Sullivan; I postponed mine," she continued, with a gracious smile, " as you had promised to call on *us*; but, you know, Selina is very young, and London sights are quite new to her. We must all make allowances for the heedlessness of youth," added she, in a tone of compassion. " When I answered Frederick's question, whether her character was as perfect as he remembered her person promised to be, I reminded him that 'most women have no characters at all;' and prepared him for her volatility, which is indeed her principal, if not her only fault. She too is prepared for ——" Mordaunt could not bear to hear the sentence finished. " Is not that my uncle's curricle?" said he,

starting up, and going to the window. His fair hostess used no further effort to prolong his visit; and as soon as politeness permitted, he took his leave, with feelings which, if Lady Eltondale could have understood, even she perhaps would have pitied.

Meantime Selina proceeded towards Somerset House. It was a delightful day; and the rapid motion of the carriage, the gaiety of the streets, and even a faint hope that she might, perhaps, meet Mordaunt in her drive, all contributed to raise her spirits. At last, as the carriage experienced a momentary stop in Bond-street, Selina heard her own name pronounced by a voice not unfamiliar to her ear, and hastily turning to the speaker, she recognized Mr. Sedley. To inquire where she resided, where she was going, and whether he might join the party, was the occupation of a moment. It was settled, that he and Webberly should walk to Somerset House, as, exclaimed

the latter half aloud, "Egad, it is too bad to be boxed up here with my mother and sisters, even for the sake of the heiress." "Vell," said his mother, as she expanded her ample petticoats over the small space she had hitherto permitted him to occupy, "I'm sure that's a good riddance of bad rubbish at all events; not but Jack's a good-natured feller as ever lived, though he has sadly muffled me, to be sure." They reached Somerset House before Mrs. Sullivan had fully arranged her draperies, and before Selina had time to express half her regrets at hearing Miss Wildenheim had been left in the country, but not before the gentlemen arrived to hand them out of their carriage. Here Selina's attention was delightedly engaged in examining the various specimens of her favourite art, with which she was surrounded. Nor could the outrageous compliments of Webberly, the vociferous vulgarity of his mother and sisters, or the easy vivacious gallantry

of Sedley, divert her from her admiration of them, till Lady Eltondale called to take her home. As the aunt and niece returned, neither of them articulated the name of him, who principally occupied the thoughts of both. But no sooner did they reach Portman-square, than Selina, running hastily up stairs, tossed over the numberless cards that had been left in her absence by the different beaux who had been there the night before, and a sigh escaped her as she became unwillingly convinced, that Mordaunt's only was not to be found.

Lord Eltondale seldom joined the circle in which alone his Viscountess condescended to move; and, except in very large assemblies, either at home or abroad, they were seldom seen together.

The same undistinguishing kindness still marked his manner to Selina, which she had experienced on her first reception at Eltondale; and he continued to think of her as a pretty, lively, good-hu-

moured girl, but he had neither time nor talent to ascertain whether she was a *happy* one; indeed he never thought about her, except when she was present; and thus the occasional depression of her spirits, which was so new in the history of Selina's life, passed unnoticed both by the Viscount and his Lady, from the total want of reflection in the character of the one, and the refinement of duplicity in the other.

On the evening of the day in which Selina visited Somerset House, she accompanied Lady Eltondale to the Opera. She had never yet been in any theatre. What then were her sensations, when, on the door of her aunt's box being opened, she beheld, at one *coup d'œil*, the assembled magnificence of the stage, presented in the last act of a beautiful ballet, and that of the audience, which seemed ranged round more to increase than to enjoy the splendor of the spectacle? To those who have beheld such a scene, with

as little experience, and as much capability of enjoyment as Selina possessed, no description of its effects would be necessary; and to those who have not, no words could give an adequate idea of her delight. Lady Eltondale's box was soon filled with gentlemen, but nothing had, at first, the power of diverting Selina's attention from the stage, whilst the *naïveté* of her remarks, and the varying expression of her countenance, gave her every moment new charms. Amongst the rest Sir James Fenton and Lord George Meredith were most obsequious in their attentions, and loudest in their encomiums. She had just turned her head, to listen to a curious account the latter was giving of his having been once introduced to Mrs. Sullivan and her daughters, and was laughing heartily at his ridiculous imitation of their manners, when her eye caught that of Mordaunt, who was standing in the pit at no great distance. But his fine countenance no longer bore that

expression, which she had so fondly treasured in her memory. He stood gazing at her, with a cold, almost contemptuous steadiness: no beam of tenderness softened the brilliancy of his penetrating eye, that seemed to dart into her very soul. She coloured, and returned his half salute with one still more expressive of indignant pride; and, with increased vivacity, renewed her conversation with Lord George Meredith. Mordaunt did not visit their box the whole evening, though Lord Osselstone staid in it for some time, occasionally smiling, and sometimes even calling forth Selina's observations on the scene, to her so replete with novelty and attraction: while once or twice following the direction of her unconscious glance, his eyes were directed to an opposite box, where Augustus seemed to be evidently renewing his devoirs to the pretty Miss Webster, to whom, as Selina thought, he had been so unnecessarily civil at Lady Eltondale's assembly.

At last, as the closing scene was almost finished, and the Viscountess was preparing to leave her box, escorted by Sir James Fenton, the door was suddenly opened by Sedley, who came to attend Selina to her carriage; she gave a smothered sigh as she thought "Augustus would once have done the same," but accepted the proffered civility, after having introduced him to Lady Eltondale; who was already well acquainted with him by name, as Frederick Elton's friend and correspondent, and therefore she thought him a most desirable attendant on Selina. Thus escorted, they hastened to their carriage, and drove without delay to join another crowd, at the Duchess of Saltoun's ball. And here Selina was, as usual, admired, followed, and flattered. Lord George Meredith and Sedley had both engaged her, before they left the Opera, to dance; and as it was one of her favorite amusements, she quickly entered into all the gaiety that surrounded her,

with that vivacity which is so natural to youth, and so peculiarly belonging to her character. Mordaunt, for the moment, was forgotten; or if his image intruded on her mind, it rose as a dark cloud, that threw a gloomy shade on her present pleasure, and served but to make her turn to the joys of dissipation with increased avidity, as an antidote to its saddening influence. Is it to be wondered at, that a girl so totally inexperienced as Selina was, should yield a little to the many temptations that now surrounded her? Without any calm, steady friend, whose sobered reflection would have served as a counterpoise to her natural volatility, she found herself suddenly transported from the deepest shade of retirement to the brightest blaze of fashion.

Her youth, her beauty, her fortune, all conspired to place her in the foremost rank of praise.—All the young men professing themselves her admirers, all the women her friends.—Could she for a mo-

ment doubt their sincerity being equal to her own? And could it be supposed, that, believing their truth, she should be wholly insensible to such unexpected adulation?

CHAPTER VI.

Songez bien que l'amour sait feindre,
Redoutez un sage berger,
On n'est que plus près du danger,
Quand on croit n'avoir rien à craindre *.

BALLS, parties, operas, followed each other in rapid succession; and as rapidly did Selina rise to the very zenith of fashion. She became at once the *ton*, and, being so, whatever she said, whatever she did, was of course immediately pronounced "wisest, discreetest, best." She had many followers, but Lord George

* Remember still love can dissemble,
And even with the wisest tremble;
For when we think there's nought to fear,
Often danger's lurking near.

Meredith was the only gentleman, who had yet openly professed himself to be her suitor. It was, however, far from Lady Eltondale's intention, that Selina should make any choice for herself; or rather, she determined so to bend her ductile mind, that by degrees that choice, which was in reality Lady Eltondale's, should seem to be her own. She therefore carefully observed the manner of all the young men, who were most sedulous in paying attention to Selina; believing that she was fully capable of discriminating, whether their intentions went beyond the amusement of the passing moment, and equally certain of frustrating any plan that militated against her own. The more Selina became *the fashion*, the more steady became Lady Eltondale's determination to marry her to Frederick Elton; and with that infatuation, which is a natural consequence of self-love, the deeper she became engaged in the prosecution of her scheme, the more she felt

herself interested in its ultimate success. Lord George Meredith soon rendered himself an object of her jealousy; and she therefore took an early opportunity of casually informing Selina, through an apparently accidental conversation with Sir James Fenton, of his Lordship's unconquerable passion for gaming, and concluded by turning abruptly to Selina, remarking, "that, no doubt, the fine oaks of Deane Hall would serve to repair some of his losses; and, as he regularly made love to every heiress that *came out*, perhaps Selina might, if she chose, procure for herself the hitherto rejected title in reversion of Marchioness Starmont." Lady Eltondale's sarcasm was not without its due effect: by degrees Selina's behaviour to Lord George sunk into a cold, though polite reserve; and his Lordship, understanding the change in the manner both of aunt and niece, gradually withdrew his attentions. The conduct of Mr. Sedley was much more

equivocal, and almost baffled the penetration of the Viscountess. It always happened his engagements and theirs were the same, and wherever they went he became one of their immediate party; but his manner was so perfectly careless, that the rencontre seemed purely accidental. He admired Selina's beauty avowedly, but with apparently equal *nonchalance*, sometimes complimented Lady Eltondale on the elegance of Miss Seymour's dress, and much oftener finding fault with Selina herself, if any particular ornament or colour in it happened not to suit his fancy. To the Viscountess herself his manner was in the highest degree attentive, and even insinuating; and had the world in which they moved had time to attend to his conduct in particular, it would probably have decided, that he was much more assiduous in recommending himself to the aunt than to the niece. He would often place himself, for a whole evening, behind Lady Elton-

dale's chair, when the vivacity and singularity of his conversation, compounded, as it was, of sense and levity, would withdraw nearly all her attention from the rest of the company, while at the same time Selina would appear almost unregarded by him. It also often happened, if they were at a ball together, he would ask Selina to dance, "provided she had not any other partner;" or tell her to "say at least she was engaged to him, if any asked her she did not wish to dance with;" and such was the pleasure Selina always experienced from his natural vivacious manners, that it seldom happened that the engagement was not fulfilled. And yet it seemed almost a matter of indifference to him, whether it was so or not; he often appeared fully as anxious to procure other pleasant partners for her, as to be the chosen one himself. One evening, Selina supposed she had engaged herself to him, and waited in anxious, though vain, expectation of his

coming to claim her hand; and when, as his apology for not doing so, he told her laughingly, that he had totally forgotten their engagement, she was almost tempted to be affronted. But he so good naturedly called the next morning, to bring her the music of the last new ballet, and appeared so unconscious of having merited her displeasure, that it quickly vanished, and their friendship seemed more firmly established than ever.

Certain it is, that Selina felt more at ease with Sedley, than with any other of the beaux who now constantly attended in her train. Sometimes the compliments of her professed admirers were too exaggerated for even her vanity to believe. But, with him, she felt she could at all times talk and laugh unrestrainedly; he seemed to have no pretensions, and therefore she did not think it necessary to be on her guard against either wounding or encouraging them. If the inconsiderateness of her buoyant spirits, or her inex-

perience of the rules of etiquette, led her into any trifling dilemma, she was always certain of his good humoured and effectual assistance in relieving her from her embarrassment; whilst, on the other hand, he had imperceptibly assumed the privilege, which she had as unconsciously yielded to him, of reproving her for any trifling sin, either of omission or commission, against the laws of fashion. She therefore reposed a certain confidence in Sedley, that led her to have a different feeling for him, from that she experienced for the other individuals by whom she was surrounded. For her natural timidity led her almost always to yield her opinion, without contention, to that of any other person, whose knowledge or abilities she supposed superior to her own. She even felt relieved, by believing she could in safety repose on the wisdom of another; for she had never yet been placed in a situation, in which she was necessitated to act for herself. Her ideas

of the perfection of her father and Mrs. Galton had been such, that she not only never had disputed their authority, but had so entirely relied on their judgment, that her own had never been called into action. With her recollections of them Augustus Mordaunt had hitherto been united: the first affections of her heart had turned towards him, as to the play-fellow, the companion, the brother of her earliest infancy; and had he too been her guide on her first entrance into life, she would probably have been induced to bestow on him a still dearer title. But Sir Henry's death, and Lady Eltondale's subsequent artifices, had totally separated poor Selina from all these her earliest friends. The misunderstanding, which had at first arisen partly from accident, between her and Mordaunt, was afterwards carefully increased by the crafty Viscountess; and her two unsuspecting victims, by their mutual errors, facilitated the success of her machinations. Both,

conscious of the integrity of their own feelings, avoided rather than sought an explanation, which both considered due to their own individual pride. By both the perceptible alteration of each other's manner was attributed to the change that had taken place in their relative situation; and, above all, as the interruption of their intimacy had occurred by imperceptible degrees, no opening was left for reconciliation by the pretext of decided grievance. Whenever they met, which was now but seldom, a mutual indifference seemed to have succeeded to that regard, which had once been so prized by both. As yet however the indifference was but assumed.—Mordaunt felt, that it would be long before reason could extinguish his love for her, who was the world's idol as well as his—but every sentiment of wounded affection and indignant pride led him to conceal the passion he could not cure—The more he became conscious of the necessity of self-control, the more

did he close up the real feelings of his heart in an impenetrable armour of cold and studied reserve. On the other hand, Selina's feelings had taken a far different coloring. His having, on their first meeting in town, apparently repulsed her advances to a renewal of their former intimacy, had given her the severest pang of mortification she had ever experienced; but vanity soon came to her assistance, and when she found that he alone appeared insensible to those charms which were so prized by others, she began, not unnaturally, to attribute his apparent unkindness to an insensibility she was undecided whether to resent or despise. Whenever, therefore, by accident they happened to be in the same society, she rather assumed than corrected the appearance of flirtation and coquetry, which was dissimilar to the artless *naïveté* of her earlier days, and was least suited to the unbending frigidity of his present deportment. With these sentiments it is not

then to be wondered at, that their mutual society should become a source of pain, rather than of pleasure, to both; and Lady Eltondale, watching with secret satisfaction the widening breach, made it still more irreparable, by ostentatiously appearing to court that intercourse, which both now evidently wished to shun.

At the same time Sedley, apparently without design, seemed to rise in Selina's estimation, in the proportion as Augustus fell, and gradually began to insinuate himself into her regard. In Sedley's society Selina felt perfectly unrestrained. With him her manners were always natural: she felt assured, that he was, as he professed to be, sincerely her friend; and she rested with satisfaction on the belief, that he aspired to no higher distinction. Even the vigilance of Lady Eltondale was for once baffled. Mr. Sedley's situation in life was exactly in that mean, which least attracted her notice: his paternal estate was sufficient, as she believed, to render

even Selina's fortune of no vital importance to him; and judging of Selina by herself, she believed it almost impossible, that a girl so universally admired, as she undoubtedly was, would be content to remain a commoner all her life. Besides, she knew Sedley was Frederick's most intimate friend, and therefore she did not hesitate to make him the confidant of her views regarding Miss Seymour; believing that by doing so she might safely encourage his attendance on her niece, and at the same time make that attendance an additional defence against the designs of others. But the Viscountess had now to learn, that duplicity on one side engenders artifice on the other: Sedley was even more in her son-in-law's confidence, than in her own; and, while she with wily care cautioned him against allowing Selina to suspect her plan, she convinced him, that, in seeking the gratification of his own passion, there was no risk of thwarting the affections either of his

friend, or *the heiress* allotted to him. It was true, from a passage in Frederick's last letter, he was led to believe, that it was his intention to pay his addresses to Miss Seymour on his return to England, and he therefore cautiously suspended his own operations. "At present, (thought he) the girl certainly prefers me to every other man; for now she has quite forgot that perpendicular statue Mordaunt, and it will be difficult enough for him to revive any regard she might once have had for such a philosophical personage as he is, whilst both Lady Eltondale and I keep guard over her. Then if she has sense and steadiness enough to refuse Elton, when he proposes for her estate, for I'll take care she understands he does not care a farthing for herself; why then, notwithstanding my pretty Columbina, I will, without any remorse of conscience, marry her myself, if it was for nothing but to rescue her from that devilish calculator

of compound interest, that noble aunt of hers—But if that same crafty duenna, that female Machiavel succeeds, which, after all, is by no means improbable, considering her wickedness and Selina's innocence; why then let them all take the consequence. Frederick will get the old oaks—she'll get his old title, and I, or any other man, may get her love that pleases." So reasoned Sedley—and thus did this modern Pylades acquit himself of the charge of any breach of friendship, as he thus deliberately prepared to rival his own Orestes.

Far different, and much less successful, were the means adopted by Webberly for carrying his designs into execution. He had become painfully convinced, that the paths of fashionable extravagance were not to be trodden with impunity; and as his credit decreased with his banker his attentions to Miss Seymour were redoubled. Whenever she appeared in public, as at the theatres, or in the

Park, he was her constant attendant; "and, like the shadow, proved the substance true," as far at least as related to her fortune. But notwithstanding his assiduity, he found it almost impossible to procure access to those more distinguished parties Lady Eltondale and Sedley frequented; and, being as much enlightened by his self-interest as the Viscountess was deceived by hers, he determined to keep a watchful eye over his *ci-devant* friend, and heartily repented having ever introduced him at Deane Hall.

While these two competitors were thus, in different ways, striving for the golden prize, Selina was not less an object of regard to Lord Osselstone.—He, as might naturally be expected, was usually to be met in the same circle in which Lady Eltondale moved: but it was more difficult to account for the perceptible attention he constantly paid to Selina. At first he seemed more than usually pleased

with the artlessness and vivacity of her manner; and the recollection of the kindness of his behaviour to her at the moment of her distress, at Lady Eltondale's first party, made her show a sort of confidence in her manners and address towards him, that, had she been more experienced in the ways of the world, his very superiority might perhaps have prevented. But with Lord Osselstone the idea of Mordaunt was inseparably connected; and as the recollection of the one became painful, the pleasure she had derived from the society of the other decreased. She became gradually suspicious of his character, as a greater familiarity with it convinced her it was not easily to be understood; and she was sometimes tempted to wish, either that she was less an object of his Lordship's observation, or that the veil could be entirely withdrawn, which seemed so constantly to shroud all his feelings from her view.

At last the day of Selina's presentation at Court arrived. Never had she looked so lovely—never was she so much admired.—Her heart beat high with exultation, and her eyes sparkled with redoubled animation, as she heard her own praise from every lip. When the drawing-room was over, and she found herself seated in the carriage with Lady Eltondale, she could not, in the vanity of the moment, repress a wish that Mrs. Galton had seen how much she was admired: adding, while a smile of conscious beauty played on her ruby lip, "I think if Mr. Mordaunt had been at Court to-day, even he might have condescended to have acknowleged his country friend." It was the first time Selina had voluntarily named him for many months, and the Viscountess hailed the auspicious omen. She knew that not to breathe a name on which our thoughts most dwell, is even a more dangerous symptom, than when it is the sole subject of our conversation. The spell

with Selina now seemed broken; and Lady Eltondale profited by the opportunity afforded, continuing the conversation in a careless manner, in hopes of accustoming Selina to the deliberate discussion of his negligence towards her. "If (thought she) I can habituate her to talk about him, and to talk calmly, the day is my own:

> Lorsqu'on se fâche, on peut aimer encore;
> Lorsqu'on raisonne, on n'aime plus."

CHAPTER VII.

The town, the court, is beauty's proper sphere:
That is our Heaven, and we are angels there."

MISS SEYMOUR TO MRS. GALTON.

London, May 25, ——

My dear, dear Aunt,

YOUR last letter has made me very unhappy. Is it possible that you can really believe I have forgotten you?—I acknowledge that I have been very very remiss about writing; but indeed my heart has always been right towards you, though perhaps my conduct has not been so; however, I acknowlege my fault in this instance, though Lady Eltondale told me the other day, when I regretted not having answered either of

your two last letters, that nobody but me kept a debtor and creditor account of correspondence; and that she was sure you could not really be uneasy about me, as you could never look at a newspaper without seeing my name in it, and of course knowing I was both "alive and merry." And, indeed, I often wonder how people have time to think and write so much about such a foolish girl as I am.—Do you know, the milliners have called a new cap, and a little satin hat, by my name?—Could you have believed, that your poor Selina would ever have been godmother to such bantlings? *Mais le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable*; and I verily am installed, without any probation, into all the dignities of the *ton*. Mr. Sedley always tells me, I must be more than ever attentive to my manners; as, if I was to walk like the "Anthropophagi, whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," I should make it the fashion, and every other girl would do the same,

I do acknowledge, dear dear aunt, that I am quite delighted with London. It far, far exceeds my expectation: indeed all the descriptions of it I used to hear from Miss Cecilia Webberly are so different from what I found the reality to be, that I wonder where she can have met the originals of her extraordinary caricatures. And as for Vauxhall and Astley's, that Miss Martin used to talk so much about, I should hardly believe there were such places in existence, if it was not for the advertisements I sometimes see in the newspapers. Poor Lucy! I wonder what she is doing now at Deane, vegetating in the country, as Lady Eltondale calls it, like a red cabbage, all through the winter. Do you know, aunt, I never like to think of the poor old Hall: I was so very happy there—so cheerful—so contented—you all then loved me so dearly, I had not a wish ungratified: now, in town, I am much more gay, but yet I seldom go into a crowded room, without

a kind of feverish anxiety about a something, I know not what; and I seldom return home, at night, without a languor on my spirits I never experienced in former times;—but all that will soon wear away.—I am much fonder now of going to parties than I was at first; for though I always liked balls and the Opera, I did not much admire routs, but now I think them very pleasant, for I generally meet Mr. Sedley, and he is always entertaining, and always kind to me: and, after all, I am determined to like the life I lead. For of what avail would it be to me to regret those quiet peaceful days, which can now never return? and if they did, they would probably appear insipid, after the greater pleasures I have now been accustomed to: so whenever my thoughts happen to turn to the poor dear old Hall, I jump up and immediately seek out Lady Eltondale; and there is something so calm, so elegant, and at the same time so freezing about her, that

no person could feel what she calls romance in her presence. Her manners are like the snow on the Alps, they smooth down all the surface, and give a dazzling brilliancy to the whole appearance; but they are cold, almost to petrefaction, and I believe, after all, cover only a heart of stone. Do you know, I have found out lately I could never love Lady Eltondale. I have the greatest reliance on her judgment, and I am sure there is nothing she could *advise* me to do (for she never *desires* me to do any thing) that I would not do; but if I was to live with her to all eternity, I should never call her aunt, as I do you; or feel for her, in any degree, as I feel for you. I believe the difference is this—I would go any distance to be with you, or to prove how much I loved you; but if you and Lady Eltondale were to give me contrary directions, (don't be angry,) I should regret that I could not fulfil yours, but I should feel with her there was no alternative.

We don't see as much of the Webberly family, at least of the ladies, as I expected; for though they call very often, they are not on Lady Eltondale's "at home" list; and, except one day that I went with them to Somerset House, and last Sunday in Kensington Gardens, I have scarcely met them any where since we came to town. The last time, however, that I saw them, Mrs. Sullivan was all bustle and importance, for she has received an invitation from one of Mr. Sullivan's relations, to go and visit him in Ireland; and she talks so much of his "*intense* fortune, and great old castle," which Lady Eltondale, by the bye, says, is only a *château en Espagne*. But poor Mrs. Sullivan declares, "her Carline shall be an air-ass after all, as she is sure Mr. Sullivan is so proud of his geology, that he will take care to leave every thing after him to his progenitors; and it is but fair he should give it to her daughter, as all old retailed estates ought to ascend to

the hairs male." I sincerely hope, that dear charming Miss Wildenheim will not be dragged after them into one of those horrid Irish bogs: what a pity it is she should, in any way, be united to such a barbarous family; theirs is certainly the connection of *la belle et la bête*. But I had almost forgot to tell you, that Mrs. Sullivan and her son and heir intend to do me the honour of adding me to their establishment also. I wish I could describe Mr. Sedley's manner and words, as he entertained Lady Eltondale and me last night at the Opera, with an account of Mr. Webberly having invited him to dinner, for the express purpose, he says, of informing him of his intention to propose for me, in form, very shortly; and that Mr. Webberly told Mr. Sedley this, lest he should have any intention of doing so himself. I don't know whether the idea of Mr. Webberly's own design, or his ridiculous suspicions of Mr. Sedley's, amused Lady Eltondale or him most:

however they both agreed, that it was quite impossible I should ever marry a commoner. I wish you knew Mr. Sedley well, as I am sure you would like him, and be convinced that your prejudice last autumn, and your idea that he was unprincipled, would soon vanish. He is uncommonly good natured, and always tells me all my faults, and I am not the least afraid of him as I am of Lady Eltondale; indeed he is the only person in town I have real pleasure in conversing with. When I talk to any body else, I am always afraid of their misconstruing either my vivacity or my gravity. But Mr. Sedley's conversation is always adapted to the turn of the moment. If I am gay, he does not accuse me of levity; and if I am inclined to talk rationally, he does not call it pedantry. Would you believe it, the other night, when I know Mr. Webberly thought he was making love to me, we were literally talking of Montesquieu's

Esprit des Loix, which you may remember was one of the last books we read together—I mean with Mr. Temple. Lady Eltondale is to give a great ball next week; I believe soon after that we shall leave town. Lord Osselstone, whom I meet constantly——Lady Eltondale has this moment called me into the drawing-room—I must go.—Good bye, dear dear aunt.

Yours most affectionately,
SELINA SEYMOUR.

The pretext the Viscountess made use of for interrupting Miss Seymour was, that she might comply with Mr. Sedley's request of showing him her drawings, as to see *them* was ostensibly the purpose for which he had called that morning; though in truth a day seldom passed, in which he did not find some good reason for visiting Portman square. Selina made no hesitation in producing them; for, though she was not quite exempt from

the foible of personal vanity, yet she was entirely free from that despicable affectation, which assumes the appearance of modesty, when the reality is most wanting. Her drawings were, in truth, beautiful, and much superior to the common school girl exhibitions of would-be artists. But her knowledge was even superior to her execution; and she so correctly appreciated the merits of her paintings, that she received both the encomiums and the criticisms they produeed with equal candour. While her miniatures and her portfolio were lying on Lady Eltondale's table, Lord Osselstone was announced. At first he expressed the surprise he felt, at thus unexpectedly discovering Selina's talent, and then complimented her on her excellence with his usual politeness. But believing Sedley's gallantry was more agreeable than his own, he gradually withdrew with Lady Eltondale to another part of the room. Their attention was,

however, soon attracted by a *brouillerie* that had arisen between Sedley and Selina. It appeared, that he had possessed himself of a drawing out of her portfolio, which he seemed determined to retain; alleging it was a subject that particularly suited his taste; while she was still more anxious to regain the stolen treasure. In the struggle that ensued, the drawing fell to the ground; and Lord Osselstone, stooping to pick it up, discovered it to be a beautiful portrait of a pointer. The dog, at full length, was inimitably drawn; and over the different parts of the paper the same head was sketched in pencil, in a variety of different attitudes; and in one corner was written also in pencil these lines of Metastasio's Partenza:—

> Soffri che in traccia almen
> Di mia perduta pace,
> Venga il penner sequace
> Su l'orme del tuo piè.

Sempre nel tuo cammino,
Sempre m'avrai vicino*.

"I have seen the original of that admirable portrait," said Lord Osselstone, in a tone of inquiry, as he politely returned the drawing to its mistress; while at the same time his dark penetrating eye rested full upon hers. She looked down instantly, and blushing deeply, replied, "Perhaps your Lordship may have seen the dog: I meant it for Carlo. I only drew it from recollection:—it's a mere daub of no value now;" and so saying, she tore the drawing into a thousand pieces. Mr. Sedley uttered a volume of apologies and regrets; and Lady Eltondale, half laughingly half sarcastically,

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* At least allow that in the track,
Once mark'd by joys now fled,
My wandering thoughts may trace the path
Which thy dear footsteps tread:
For once where'er those footsteps stray'd,
Still, still beside thee I delay'd.

remonstrated at her not having sooner been informed of Miss Seymour's talent for taking dogs' portraits; alleging that she would now make Mignon sit for his picture. Then seeing that Selina's embarrassment was increased, and Lord Osselstone's observation of it not withdrawn, she proposed adjourning to Selina's boudoir, to see some of her other miniatures that adorned it. Here her various occupations, her books, her harp, her work-box, all of which had evidently been lately used, served by Lady Eltondale's address as fresh subjects of conversation; and the current of Selina's thoughts being as rapidly turned, she soon resumed her natural gaiety; and perhaps Lord Osselstone's regret was scarcely less manifested than Sedley's, when the arrival of Lady Eltondale's carriage put an end to their visit.

The Viscountess made no further mention of Carlo's portrait, and both the original and the picture seemed to have

entirely vanished from Selina's recollection, till a few days afterwards she discovered on her writing table in the boudoir an exact representation of Carlo himself in a *garde de feuille*. The dog was in bronze, on a marble pedestal, and on his collar were engraved the words, "*Je la garderai pour mon maitre.*" Selina was not less delighted than surprised at this unexpected present; and immediately ran to thank Lady Eltondale for it, conceiving her to have been the donor. But she denied any knowledge of it, and they both concluded the gallantry must have been Sedley's. Accordingly the next time they met him, Selina made her acknowledgements for the gift. At first he expressed, in the most natural manner, his surprise at her address, and affected total ignorance of the occasion of her gratitude. But notwithstanding his laughable confusion and affected unconcern, both the Viscountess and her niece attributed the present to him ;—a cir-

cumstance that gave room for reflection to both their minds, though the feelings it occasioned in each were far different.

CHAPTER VIII.

The enchantress summons to a splendid hall:
——————— In gay festoons around
Bloom'd many a wreath with rose and myrtle crown'd.
—The nymphs, who late encompassing their queen
Round her bright throne, like hov'ring clouds were seen,
Now range themselves to wind the magic dance;
The magic dance of pow'r, the dead to raise,
Or draw embodied spirits down to gaze;
Now pair by pair, now groupe by groupe unite,
The loveliest forms in thousand folded light.

SOTHEBY'S OBERON.

BEFORE the day arrived which had been fixed for Lady Eltondale's ball, to which Selina alluded in her letter to Mrs. Galton, a note from Lord Osselstone was received by the Viscountess, desiring her commands to Vienna, and informing her, that he and his nephew purposed imme-

mediately commencing a tour to the continent they had long meditated.

Selina felt almost relieved by the certainty of Mordaunt's absence, for she still felt a degree of painful embarrassment in his presence, though she had taught herself no longer to expect any attention, and scarcely even recognizance from him in public. Nor was she much more at ease in the society of Lord Osselstone. Whenever he was near her, whatever might be his apparent occupation, she still felt an indescribable consciousness, that she was the object of his peculiar attention. Sometimes a sort of reflected sensation in her own eye led her to believe, that his was fixed upon her; though often, when this feeling made her look round to meet his glance, she would perceive it was directed elsewhere. At other times, if engaged in conversation, when she had no idea whatever of his proximity, she would discover, by some casual observation, that he had heard all

she had said; and his Lordship would then continue the discourse, be it what it might, in the strain best adapted to the moment; for Lord Osselstone particularly excelled in the talent of conversation:— he could—

> "Choose a firm cloud before it fall, and in it
> Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of the minute."

Whether the subject was lively or sententious, gay or serious, his abilities seemed equally applicable to all. At times his wisdom would call forth Selina's powers of reasoning; at others he would encourage the playfulness of her wit, till it "touch'd the brink of all we hate." But beyond that verge no temporary exhilaration of spirits ever betrayed the chasteness, the delicacy of Selina's judgment. And yet, notwithstanding the urbanity and politeness of Lord Osselstone's manners to Selina, she never felt herself perfectly at ease with him. She could not be secure of what his real sen-

timents were, therefore, by a natural consequence, she was diffident in the expression of her own. She once described her feelings in regard to the Earl, by saying to Lady Eltondale, in her usual playful manner, " When I talk to Lord Osselstone, I always feel as if my mind was on stilts ; and, though he seems only to follow my lead in conversation, I get almost out of breath, lest I should not keep up to my traces ; but when I talk to Mr. Sedley, his chat runs on with mine in its own natural way, sometimes scarcely creeping along, and at others setting off in a full gallop: a Frenchwoman would say, "*Je débite avec l'un et cause avec l'autre.*"

By this fortunate continental tour Selina was relieved from the dread of encountering, on the festive night, the only two people whose presence ever damped the amusement she derived from those scenes of gaiety in which she now shone so conspicuous ; and, with unmixed de-

light, did she anticipate the fête, which, in her opinion, would eclipse all that ever had preceded it. The munificent allowance which, by her father's will, was made to the Viscountess for Selina's residence with her, was by no means an unacceptable addition to Lord Eltondale's income; for though he "never had time" to look into his own affairs, and was little aware of the real extent of their derangement, yet the constant remonstrances of his steward convinced him most unwillingly, that they were in a very embarassed state. It was not, however, Lady Eltondale's intention, that the sums received for the maintenance of her niece should be appropriated to the discharge of any of her husband's debts;—she claimed them as her own, and expended them in increased extravagance and dissipation. So sensible was she of the advantages she derived from Selina's remaining with her, that, though anxious for the match ultimately being made between Miss Sey-

mour and Mr. Elton, she was by no means anxious, that their union should take place before the expiration of her minority, at which period she knew that her niece would of course form an establishment of her own.

The ball, which was now announced by the Viscountess, was ostensibly given for Selina; and all that taste could design, or expense procure, was put in requisition for the magnificent display. Selina, who had never by deprivation been taught the real value of riches, was delighted at the splendid preparations, and became a docile pupil in the arts of profusion under the admirable tuition of her aunt. Lady Eltondale was the character above all others most dangerous for the guidance or imitation of youth. Her faults were so varnished by the specious elegance and charms of her manners, that even the experience of age hesitated to bestow on them the stigma of vice, while the most thoughtless could not fail

to discover, that she neither revered nor understood the fixed immutable rules of virtue. It is true the breath of scandal had never sullied the gloss of her fair fame ; but for this, perhaps, she was more indebted to the frigidity of her heart, than to the rectitude of her principles ; and that total annihilation of all feeling, which she recommended both by precept and example, was more likely to eradicate the better sentiments of benevolence and generosity, than to serve as an effectual preventive against the temptations of passion.

Lady Eltondale was scarcely less anxious than was Selina, that her entertainment should stand foremost in the annals of fashionable dissipation ; for many little springs of self-interest were now set in motion in the calculating head of the Viscountess. She was arrived at that age, not only of her natural life, but of her existence in the world of fashion, when she felt it not undesirable to pro-

cure some auxiliaries, to support her on that pinnacle she had for many years occupied. She could not forget, that before her marriage she had been followed and flattered as a beauty, nor that, when she assumed her present title, she had been still more courted as a leader of ton; but she now felt conscious, that both those enviable distinctions were beginning to fade, and she was therefore not unwilling to profit by the various advantages she derived from the society of her niece, whose more novel attractions drew renewed crowds to her assemblies, and fresh visitors to her door. Nor did any personal jealousy interfere with the more substantial pleasures she enjoyed by being *chaperone* to Miss Seymour. Lady Eltondale was well aware, that their beauty was so dissimilar, that their individual admirers would always be distinct; nor did she believe that any person, who was capapble of duly appreciating the high polish of her more matured grace,

would be diverted from their admiration by the unstudied, though exuberant charms of a girl of seventeen. It was therefore with more satisfaction than envy, that Lady Eltondale contemplated the unparalleled success of Selina's toilet on the night so eagerly anticipated by both, as she appeared—

"In brilliancy of art array'd,
Jewels and pearls in many a curious braid,
Show that the unnotic'd di'mond's sunlike rays
Fail to eclipse the self-resplendent blaze,
Which round the unrivall'd charms of native beauty play'd."

"Vhy, Miss Seymour, I never seed nothing like that ere sprig in my life," said Mrs. Sullivan, bustling through the crowd up to Selina, who had just finished the first dance with the young Duke of Saltoun. "All the vay as you vent up and down the middle, it nodded about and sparkled so—you looks for all the 'versal vorld like the queen of dimonds."

"Or rather the queen of hearts," said young Webberly, with a low bow and a deep sigh; while Selina, meeting Sedley's glance, could scarcely receive his compliments with a becoming composure of countenance. "Or if," said Sedley, advancing, "you want a simile, Webberly, suppose you call Miss Seymour the planet Venus, shining at night with unrivalled splendour;—that will do, you know, ma'am, both for the sprig and the lady," continued he, turning with a ludicrous reverence to Mrs. Sullivan. "Vhy as for the matter of that there, Mr. Sedley," replied the indignant matron, "my Jack could raise a smile himself in no time, without no promoting of any one's else's whatsomdever. He's not such a ninny-headed feller neither as you seem to take him for, Mr. Sedley. He can see as far into a millstone as e'er a one, Mr. Sedley; and, as far as his mother tongue goes, he can talk orthography with you or any one else." "No doubt,

my dear ma'am," returned he, with immoveable gravity, "and nothing can surpass his mother's tongue;—

"'In her
There is a prone and speechless dialect
Such as moves men: beside she hath a prosp'rous art,
When she will play with reason and discourse.'"

"Aye, aye, Mr. Sedley, you may go on as you please; preside in your own vay, but remember I knows what's what. I can tell Miss Seymour here, impudence is a bad prostitute for honesty." Though Selina could not quite understand the full import of Mrs. Sullivan's observations, which she endeavoured to render still more significant by shrugs and gestures; yet by the heightened colour of the lady's complexion, and a transient gravity that passed over the countenances of both gentlemen, she plainly discovered the conversation had taken a turn unpleasant to all parties; therefore, with that true politeness which arises from

natural benevolence, she endeavoured to soothe the irrascible feelings of each, by diverting their thoughts into another channel. To Mrs. Sullivan she paid an elegant, and not very exaggerated compliment on Cecilia's particularly good looks. To Mr. Webberly's request that she would dance with him, she acceded with an alacrity, that seemed to verify her expression of regret that her other engagements obliged her to postpone hers with him for some dances; and by sending Sedley on an embassy to Lady Eltondale, she prevented a renewal of the skirmish between him and the offended mother, which the equivocal expression of his countenance led her to believe was not an impossible event. "Lawk, mama!" exclaimed Miss Webberly, in an elevated tone, as soon as he had left the groupe, "I wonder you can condescend to notice him so;—you're always fighting him now." "Vhy I know, Meely, I oughtn't to demon myself to such a fel-

ler; but I can't bear, not I, to see him ballooning (lampooning) poor Jack there, while every feature in his physiology shows that he's mocking him up all the time:—I can't bear no such hypercritics, not I." Cecilia now warmly undertook his defence, which she entered upon with still more zeal as the subject of her mother's philippic had made an *amende honorable* to her at least, by engaging her for the same set that her brother was to dance with Miss Seymour, who in the mean time having succeeded in parting the combatants, had gone to resume her station amongst the dancers.

The time at last arrived for the fulfilment of Selina's engagement with Webberly, and they stood up together. At first the youth was so busily engaged in settling his cravat, putting on and taking off his glove, and eyeing askance his neighbour the Duke of Saltoun, all of whose motions he endeavoured to imitate, that he had no time to attend to his

fair partner. At last he recollected his duty, and hastily stepping across the dance, prepared to give utterance to a tender speech he had composed in the morning. But as he stooped forward to pour the soft accents in his fair one's ear, having, like the simple partridge, safely deposited his head, he became careless of the rest of his person; and unfortunately his noble prototype the Duke, at the same moment exerting himself vigorously in a Highland fling, came unexpectedly in contact with the dying swain, and threw him sprawling into the arms of his mistress, before either were prepared for so novel a situation. The salute was as little agreeable to poor Selina as it was unexpected, and she hastily disengaged herself from Webberly before he had succeeded in recovering his balance, or the Duke had uttered more than half his apologies. At last the youth accomplished regaining that erect posture, which is man's first characteristic, and

returned in silence to his place opposite Selina, where he occupied himself indefatigably in pulling down his coat behind, pushing up his hair before, and looking sternly round, in the vain hope of suppressing the titter that buzzed on all sides of him. Thus without his renewing the attack, did they reach in silence the top of the dance, and before the effect of his disaster was obliterated from his mind or his countenance, their turn came to begin. He now determined, by increased exertions, to make amends for his unfortunate commencement, and by dint of manual labour to eclipse even the Duke of Saltoun in agility. His figure was athletic, and his limbs were ponderous; but art, in nature's despight, had made him at least an active dancer. And now he cut, and he leapt, and he sprang into the air, till the perspiration burst from his forehead. If by chance he got foremost down the middle, he dragged Selina's fragile form after him,

vi et armis, the whole length of the set; but this inconvenience she did not often encounter, for he generally spent so much longer time than necessary in his coupees, and his settings, and his pirouettes, that he was forced to sail down the middle after his partner, like another Johnny Gilpin, while with terror in their countenances all beholders cleared the course before him. It was impossible for Selina long to endure the danger and fatigue of such a partner; and before they had half measured the length of the set, (except by the flying visits before mentioned) she proposed retiring to the bottom. But that situation was not more propitious to our hero than the top had been; long before he became stationary his breath was exhausted, and that gradual extension of the lungs, which he intended to be the

"Softest note of whisper'd anguish,
"Harmony's refined part,"

became an audible and protracted groan, whilst his eyes, starting from their sockets from the violence of his exertions, were any thing but the messengers of passion. "Good God! Miss Seymour, what is the name of your partner?" exclaimed Sir James Fenton, as he calmly surveyed the gasping hero through his spy-glass:—"Mr. Weatherly do you call him? Poor young man! he must dance for the good of his health! Tam O' Shanter himself never saw such 'louping and flinging' as he has exhibited to-night —pray introduce me to him." Then without waiting for the solicited presentation, he advanced to the new Vestris, and, with all possible gravity, began to compliment him on "his astonishing performance." Each compliment called forth a fresh specimen from the flattered beau, as he was turned, or otherwise joined in the dance, to the infinite amusement of the surrounding crowd; and what between the necessary application of his

pocket handkerchief, the exhibition of his extraordinary talent, and the proper returns of bows and smiles to every address of the malicious Sir James Fenton, he had no time left for courtship.

Supper was at length announced, and Sedley, who with his partner had been standing near Selina, offered her his arm, alleging, that Mr. Webberly was too busy just then to attend to her: "Yes, (replied Selina laughingly, passing her arm through his) my Achilles seems only vulnerable in the heel to-night." But Cecilia not choosing to lose any share of Sedley's attention, roared out, "Why, brother! brother John, what are you capering there for, like a great jack-ass, as you are, and leaving Miss Seymour to take care of herself?" The hint was not lost upon him—he made one *entrechat* which cleared the intimidated throng, and brought him to Selina's side, then seizing her hand, he led her triumphant-

ly off before she had time to remonstrate, or he to recover sufficient breath to apologize for his previous inattention. However he fully determined to make up for his lost opportunity at the supper table; and therefore, fearful of interruption, was by no means desirous to find room for his mother and sister, who with Sedley and Cecilia joined them. But Miss Seymour's politeness to her guests counteracted his design; and while he was fortifying himself with a copious draught of *champagne*, as a necessary preliminary to the declaration he purposed making, Mrs. Sullivan was endeavouring to insinuate herself into the little space which her daughters had reserved for her, with more attention to their own comfort, than to their parent's circumference. At last, however, she became seated, and, with maternal solicitude, immediately turned her anxious eye on her beloved son's countenance. But great was her dismay, and rapid was her utterance, as the fol-

lowing eloquent address burst forth in a sharp *contralto* key, "Vhy, Jack! Lord deliver me, Jack! you be all of a lather! And your nose, child, as smutty as a sweep's, from one end to t'other; why what, in the name of mercy, have you been about? Oh! vhy your hands be puxzy, I suppose, and so they have taken all the japanning off Miss Seymour's fan here, I suppose."—"Mother can't ye mind your own business, and leave mine alone," roared the dutiful son, in a voice of thunder, at the same time profiting by the hint he condemned, and again wiping his face.—"Vhy I only tell you for own good, Jacky; but you are grown so copious of late, there's no wenturing to speak a vord, and my advice never makes no oppression on you, else I'd discommend your buttoning your waistcoat; and if you impress that ere wiolent perspiration you're in, I shall have you laid up in a titmouse fever, that's all Jack.—I know it ba'nt the

fashion to mind any thing a parent says, now-a-days; but if I vasn't your own mother that bared ye, you'd attend to me, fast enough; though, (continued she, turning to Selina,) Miss Seymour, a vife is another guess matter to a young man; and Jack would make a wery good husband, I'm certain, if you'd but fancy him, though he's not quite so diligent to me as he might be."

Meantime, poor Jack, his faculties almost benumbed with his mother's rhetoric, and his own previous exhaustion, had allowed her to proceed without interruption, while he busied himself in buttoning the unfortunate waistcoat, that had called forth her animadversions. But his evil stars still pursued him: in his agitation he also buttoned up the greater part of the very pocket handkerchief which had before been in such constant requisition; one unlucky corner alone escaped; and, as he stood up to help himself to a fresh bottle of *champagne*

that was at some distance, this singular appendage struck his anxious parent with fresh dismay. Her exclamations, at his extraordinary appearance, were too much for the risible muscles of the rest of the company. A universal shout of laughter burst from the whole table. In vain did Mrs. Sullivan roar out, "Button it up, Jack! button it up!" In vain did Jack cast the most indignant glances, not only upon her, but upon the whole company. The laugh was not to be repressed; and, starting up, with a tremendous oath, the unfortunate Webberly rushed out of the room.

It may be supposed, Selina did not much regret his absence; and in the following dance, Sedley's inimitable caricature of the whole family amply compensated to her for the trifling mortification their vulgarity had occasioned. To use the language of the Morning Post, "The dancing was continued till

a late hour, when the company departed, highly gratified by the splendor of the entertainment, the elegance of the hostess, and the unrivalled charms of her accomplished niece."

CHAPTER IX.

Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too, she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

As fate had hitherto been so unpropitious to young Webberly, and his anxious mama, in their personal interviews with Miss Seymour, they decided, at their next *tête à tête*, which was generally of a much more friendly nature than their public communications, that he should not any longer delay making his proposal in form, which Mrs. Sullivan could not believe she would hesitate in accepting; for, like the monkey in the fable, she thought nothing equalled her own pro-

geny. On this occasion at least, her son implicitly followed her directions; he was aware that his finances were so reduced, he should never be able to stand another London campaign, without some new resource, and the gaming table had lately not been as productive a one as he usually found it. With the assistance of his sisters, he therefore composed a letter full of darts, and wounds, and happiness, and agitation, and gratitude, and eternity; and "used the arts that lovers use;" in hopes, by the superabundance of his professions, to compensate for his real indifference. For, in truth, he cared only for Selina's fortune, as he actually loved Miss Wildenheim, as much as it was in nature for so selfish a being to love any body. And though he was equally as incapable of justly appreciating her character as of understanding Selina's, yet her talents were so veiled by the calm dignity of the manners, that he felt less intimidated by them than by

the brilliant vivacity of Selina's. But, in anticipating the possibility of becoming Miss Seymour's husband, he fully, in imagination, indemnified himself for the temporary mortifications her undoubted superiority now occasioned him, by the magnanimous resolution of treating her, when she became his wife, with all possible contempt; believing, as many husbands do in similar situations, that an ostentatious display of authority will persuade others, that the dependent is really the inferior being, like the boy on the ladder, who tramples on that which alone supports him.

Selina and Lady Eltondale were together, when the Viscountess was presented with an enormous packet, sealed with a coat of arms as ample in its expansion as it was modern in its date; "Good Heavens!" exclaimed her Ladyship, holding up the cover, "arms! and the man;" here, Selina, the envelope only is for me: your *nouveau riche* admirer requests I will

present to you this inimitable manuscript." Selina hastily ran over the composition, which had cost some hours to indite; and then, no longer able to keep her countenance, burst into a hearty fit of laughter, while her cheeks mantled with blushes, "Well, at last, Lady Eltondale, here is the promised proposal: I had no idea what a real love letter was—pray read it." "No my dear; excuse me, my dear: all such tender professions are similar, they '*consistent à dire aux femmes avec un esprit léger et une ame de glace, tout ce qu'on ne croit pas, et tout ce qu'on voudrait leur faire croire**.' I am much more curious to know what your answer will be."—"A refusal undoubtedly," replied Miss Seymour; "but I must request of you, Lady Eltondale, to convey it for me." "You

* Proceeding from a frivolous head and a cold heart, their object is to express to women all that men do not feel, and all they wish to persuade them they do.

know, Selina, you are your own mistress; it is unnecessary for me to offer any advice." Selina felt the rebuke; but before she could make any apology, her aunt continued, "In this instance I think you right: title, my dear, is the only thing to marry for; it is terrible to be obliged to purchase one's place in society; and even the richest commoners are only valued in proportion to their expenditure; whereas a nobleman may be as poor and as shabby as he pleases, his wife must always have precedence." "But surely, Lady Eltondale, you would not have me marry for precedence." "It is what ninety-nine girls out of a hundred marry for," resumed the Viscountess, with perfect *sang froid*; "and as I do not see much difference in your character from that of the rest of your sex, I conclude what makes others happy would satisfy you." "I think," replied Selina, hesitatingly, "I should never be happy, unless I married a man whom I loved

and esteemed, and who, I was very sure, loved me." "Ha! ha! ha! very sentimental, indeed! Child, that would do admirably for a novel, but in real life, take my word, such nice distinctions are but little attended to: fine feeling is an essence, that soon evaporates when exposed to common air; it is generally adviseable to have something substantial at bottom, to fill up the phial when the effervescence subsides." "But, is it possible, Lady Eltondale, that you would have me marry a man I could not love or esteem, or who did not love me?" inquired Selina, in a tone of gravity more approaching to censure, than her noble aunt had ever before heard her use. "Pian! piano! carissima! half your proposition is defensible; and to that half I willingly accede. When a woman marries, the only thing necessary for her to be assured of, is her own heart, or rather her own mind. Every man, when he asks your hand, will certainly profess to love you;

time and experiment can only prove his sincerity, or his steadiness;—but you, with all Mrs. Galton's philosophy in your head, must acknowledge, that all a woman's comfort in life depends on her not knowing the pangs of repentance." "Assuredly." "Well then, a woman who marries for love, generally sacrifices nine tenths of her life to a passion, that can, at best, last but a few months; and spends her remaining years in regretting her 'fond dream:' but she who calculates well before she marries, and weighs calmly the *pour* and *contre* of the lot she chooses for life, can, at all events, never repent the choice, which she made deliberately. But, however, why should we cavil about words, when there is not a chance of our ever dissenting in action?" Then reaching out her beautiful hand to Selina, with a bewitching smile, "Come, my love," added she, "tell me what I am to say for you to your *inamorato.*" And then, by Selina's

dictation, she returned a polite, but positive refusal to the obsequious Webberly.

The time now approached for Lord and Lady Eltondale's leaving London, if so might be called that removal of their physical bodies to another scene of action, where their habits, their pursuits, and their associates remained the same. The Viscountess had not yet completed the annual circle of dissipation, and it was therefore determined, that while Lord Eltondale returned home alone, her Ladyship and Selina should, by a visit to Cheltenham, protract for a still longer time their return to the comparative retirement of Eltondale. Of course the due preparation for this new scene of gaiety served as an excuse for renewed visits to the whole circle of shops. In one of these expeditions Lady Eltondale had left Selina at Mrs. ———'s, in Bond Street, while she paid a visit in the neighbourhood; and Selina was just in the act of

trying on a bonnet, that the officious milliner declared was supremely becoming, when her ears were suddenly assailed by the loudest tone of Mrs. Sullivan's discordant voice, "Yes, it be wastly becoming, to be sure; but, for my part, I thinks a little servility and policy, much more becoming to a young lady, be she never so much of an airy-ass. Aye, Aye, Miss Seymour, you may stare and gobble; but it's to you, and of you, I'm a speaking." "Of me, ma'am?" returned the half frightened girl. "Yes, Miss, of you, with all your looks of modesty and ingeniousness;—but in my day, whenever a young lady got a love letter from a young man, she never lost no time in supplying to him; and, for my part, I think a purling answer to a civil question would never do nobody no harm, if it was the queen herself, in all her state of health." "If you allude to a letter from Mr. Webberly"—"To be sure I do," interrupted the zealous parent,

"what else should I delude to? And if you did receive Jack's pistol, Miss Seymour, why didn't ye condescend to answer his operation yourself?" "I thought, my dear madam, Lady Eltondale could express my regrets much better than I could." "Aye! Aye! Lady Eltondale, that's it—I'll tell ye vat, Miss Seymour—that 'ere Lady Eltondale vill make a cat's paw of you, if ye don't mind. As to my Jacky, he doesn't care for your refusal a brass farthing—but ye may go farther, and fare worse—he's healthy and wealthy, as the saying is; and he's not a man for a girl to throw over her shoulder—ye mayn't meet such a carowzel as his, every day in the veek.—But now I'll tell ye vat, once for all—ye see me and mine be a-going to Ireland; and it may so be, that ve may never see each other no more.—Now, ye see, I always respected your old father, and so out of compliment to him, I'll just give you a piece of

my mind; and that is, that that Lady Eltondale, with all her valk-softly airs, has some kind of a sign upon you, depend upon it, or she'd never take all the trouble she does about ye, for it's not in her nature to do it for mere affection to you or your father either; and that 'ere sheep-faced Mr. Sedley, with all his aperient indifference, and no shambles (*nonchalance*), as they call it; he's playing the puck with you too, I can see that, fast enough; and so, now, as I have given you varning, and wented my mind a little, I'll just shake hands with you, for old acquaintance sake." The reconciliation was scarcely effected, before Lady Eltondale returned for Selina, who most joyfully escaped from her *soi-disant* friend. She casually mentioned the rencontre to the Viscountess, but did not mention the hints she had received; thus showing to her instructress her first essay in the practice of her own lessons in the art of dissimulation. By nature Selina's dis-

position was candid, even to a fault. For she was not only willing to confide all her actions, all her thoughts, to those she loved; but so necessary did she feel it to her happiness to be able to repose all her feelings, and even the responsibility of her conduct, on the bosom of another, that she would have preferred having an indifferent friend to being deprived of a confidant. But her intercourse with Lady Eltondale had already, in some degree, seared her best feelings. She had already, even then, acquired that general anxiety to please, which appertains more to vanity than to benevolence, and which never fails, in time, to wither the finer sensibilities of the soul. The natural superiority of her talents enabled her, to discover the true character of those she associated with. But even her penetration was dangerous to her purity. She saw hypocrisy was the means, and self-interest the end, pursued by all: even the stronger passions were brought under their control: and

in being convinced, that in the crowd that surrounded her there was no individual she could love, she experienced a chasm in her heart, which left it more open to the reception of those petrifying principles, that Lady Eltondale so sedulously inculcated. At this moment, in Selina's history, she stood on that narrow line, which separates vice and virtue. Her avidity of praise, by teaching her how best to improve and exercise her talents, had as yet but increased her charms; and her distrust of others first taught her to exercise her own judgment. Circumstances were still to decide, whether her strengthening reason would serve to control the affections of her heart, or whether the school of stoicism, in which she was now entered, would entirely eradicate its better feelings: whether her natural volatility was to be corrected by reflection, or matured into coquetry by artifice: in short, whether the dormant seeds of a rational education would

finally spring up in the very hotbed of fashion, which called forth the premature weeds of folly and extravagance; or whether the intoxicating incense of flattery, aided both by the precept and example of the designing Viscountess, would destroy them in the bud, and offer up one more heartless victim as a sacrifice to that world, which but repays with present scorn and future repentance the devotion of its wretched votaries.

CHAPTER X.

There is a joy in grief, when peace dwells in the breast of the sad, but sorrow wastes the mournful, and their days are few! They fall away like the flower on which the Sun looks in his strength, after the mildew has passed over it, and its head is heavy with the drops of night.

CROMA.

WHILST Selina thus brilliantly moved in the gayest scenes of fashionable splendor, Adelaide Wildenheim, unknown, unnoticed, was endeavouring, in the calm retirement of the country, to acquire fortitude to support a weight of misfortune, by which a less firm mind would have been crushed, and which, from time and space, seemed but to gain increased momentum.

In the beginning of winter, each day to her had passed by but as the sad shade of

its miserable anniversary ; for, at that period, she had not even the consolation of seeing either Mr. or Mrs. Temple, and the inhabitants of Webberly House becoming hourly more repugnant to her feelings, she was insensibly falling a prey to that habitual depression of spirits, which is equally fatal to the mind and body of those who indulge in it ; and which is indeed commonly but a refined name for discontent, or ill temper. Some trifling circumstances roused her to a sense of the state of her mind, and she immediately determined to struggle against it ; resolving, as the best preliminary, to look her situation steadily in the face, and ascertain whether it was in her power to remedy it ; well knowing, that if once convinced it was unavoidable, she should acquire strength to bear it, not only with resignation but cheerfulness. Though she but too acutely felt, that in losing a beloved parent, she had lost all that had formerly constituted the happiness of her

existence; yet, in her rigid self-examination, she confessed she harboured more of repining sorrow at being deprived of this blessing, than of gratitude to Heaven for having so long enjoyed it; and acknowledged it was unworthy of a religious or a rational being, to convert the felicity of one period of life into a curse for the remainder by vain comparison. Turning therefore from the past, she accused herself of being too fastidious in her sentiments towards the companions of her present lot; and, with laudable self-delusion, endeavoured to think her dislike of Mrs. Sullivan and the Miss Webberlys unreasonable; and that from the affection of the charming little Caroline she derived a pleasure more than equivalent to the annoyances occasioned by her mother and sisters. But here the mother and sisters very naturally brought the brother to her mind, and with him a long train of reflections, which ended in her adopting the wise but simple plan, of laying

her situation open to Mr. and Mrs. Temple, in order to consult them, as to the propriety of her quitting Webberly House at the expiration of her minority.

Young Webberly's attentions to Miss Wildenheim had, previous to his last visit to town, been unremitting; and no less marked was his mother's disapprobation of them, arising partly from interested motives, partly from the idea of Adelaide being the natural sister of Caroline; which made Mrs. Sullivan regard the prospect of her marrying her son with a sentiment little short of abhorrence. But these objections had but little weight with Mr. Webberly, who, when Selina was not present to awaken his vanity or his cupidity, found no counterpoise to his conceited passion, which was more piqued than restrained by the dignified simplicity of Miss Wildenheim's manners; and had she given him any encouragement, no remonstrance from his mother would have prevented his making the

most explicit declaration of his attachment; for it was the practice of this amiable family, to set their mother at defiance, whenever she, in the slightest degree, interfered with their wishes. Adelaide's pride and sense of propriety equally prompted her desire to relieve Mrs. Sullivan from the presence of a person, who was evidently a cause of quarrel between her and her son; and therefore, when the Webberly family proposed visiting London, in the beginning of March, she wrote the subjoined letter to Mrs. Temple:—

MISS WILDENHEIM TO MRS. TEMPLE.

My dear Mrs. Temple,

THE kindness you and Mr. Temple have honoured me with encourages me, to apply to you for advice in a most embarrassing situation. I am sure your usual humanity will prompt you, to grant it to

one who has, at present, no friend to resort to for counsel but yourself. If you will permit me, I will call upon you, and lay open to your view my situation and my wishes. But as it is not justice to a friend in asking advice to give but a half confidence, before you hear my plans, I ought to make you acquainted with all the circumstances regarding myself, that it is in my power to confide. Though all matters of business are best discussed *vivâ voce*, yet there are things it would be impossible to speak, and are sufficiently painful to write: such a distressing task it is the object of this letter to fulfil. My history is but short, and simple—all my happiness was centred in a beloved father; all my misery caused by his loss. Oh! Mrs. Temple, what grief can be compared to that desolation a daughter feels, when she is deprived of the parent, whom it has been the study of her whole life to please; when she first finds she has no filial duty to

perform, no approving smile to look for!

My father was not only the tenderest parent, but my sole instructor, and, in his fond love, condescended to be even my companion and friend. His image is the first object memory recurs to in my infant years; and I now feel, that to be enabled to practise his own lessons of resignation and fortitude, I must banish that image from my mind. The aid I might derive from employment is denied me; for every pursuit is inseparably associated with scenes I ought not now to think of. 'When I look up to Heaven thou art there; when I behold the earth, thou art there also!' My mother having died at Hamburgh the day I was born, this belovod father was the only parent I ever knew. He, though a German Baron, was both by birth and education English, being the son of a British peer. But some unfortunate circumstances, with which I am unacquainted, gave

him an unconquerable aversion to his native country; and having, by the maternal line, inherited large possessions in Westphalia, he very early in life repaired to the continent, where he continued to reside, principally at Vienna, till I had attained my nineteenth year. About sixteen months ago, to my inexpressible astonishment, he adopted the sudden resolution of visiting England. His health, which had always in my recollection been delicate, had about that period rapidly declined, and I have the grief of thinking, that the journey to England shortened his life. The misery of this thought is still further aggravated by knowing, that he came to this country solely to accomplish my introduction to his family, with whom he had never maintained any intercourse or correspondence since the period of my birth. How little during the progress of our journey did I suspect its fatal termination! The usual tenderness and indulgence of my

father's manner was, if possible, increased, and visions of the brightest joy occupied my mind. Our journey through France was the most delightful one we had ever undertaken. My father concealed the anguish of his own mind, and to divert my attention from observing it, spared neither pains nor expense to gratify every capricious fancy I formed. We remained a month at Paris waiting for letters from England, which were to direct our future proceedings, and during that time passed so rapidly from one public place to another, that we never had a moment's private conversation. At last my dear father received letters to inform him, that the late Mr. Sullivan, who had been his old friend and fellow-soldier, and whom I had known very well in my childish days at Vienna, waited at Dover to welcome us to England. This communication, the precursor of all my sorrow, was read by me with the most extravagant joy. When we landed at Dover, we also met

Mr. Austin, my father's former law agent, and one of his sincerest friends. For two days I scarcely saw my father, as he was in constant consultation with the gentlemen I have mentioned. On the morning of the third, I was informed he had decided on resigning me to their care; that Mr. Sullivan would immediately introduce me to my relations, as Baron Wildenheim himself was under the unavoidable necessity of returning to France without delay. You may imagine my despair on receiving this fatal sentence:—the scenes that ensued are too dreadful for me to touch on. My beloved father's life fell a sacrifice to the agitation of his feelings. Oh, that I had died too! Pity me, dear Mrs. Temple, and excuse my writing any more. Nothing now remains, that I cannot tell you when we meet.

Ever sincerely and gratefully yours,

ADELAIDE WILDENHEIM.

The day after Mrs. Temple received

the above letter, she called on Miss Wildenheim, and invited her to remain at the Parsonage, if she had any dislike to accompany Mrs. Sullivan to London; saying, in conclusion, "Mr. Temple told me the other day you looked so ill, he was afraid you would suffer from the journey; and desired I would make my best speech to induce you to stay with us. Indeed it would be an act of charity, for we have had so great a loss in the dear family at Deane Hall! If you will afford us the gratification of your society, we can at leisure discuss the subjects you wish to consult us upon, and you shall have my opinion; and, what is of much more value, Mr. Temple's, to the best of our judgment. You know not how sincerely we commiserate your misfortunes, nor what an interest we feel in your welfare." Adelaide gratefully accepted her friend's invitation, assuring her she felt convinced, that spending a little time at the Rectory would more effectually miti-

gate her grief, than any other probable occurrence. Mrs. Temple immediately applied for Mrs. Sullivan's permission, who gave it with a joy that defied concealment, as by this means what she supposed the only obstacle to her son's union with Miss Seymour would be removed; for whenever Adelaide was present, his interest and inclination were at constant variance.

One fine evening in March, the Webberly family commenced their journey to London, and stopping as they drove past the Parsonage, left Miss Wildenheim to the care of its friendly owners. Mrs. Temple and her children were setting out on their evening walk, and Adelaide, begging she might not disappoint the little folks, joined them in their ramble with the utmost delight. It would be difficult to say, whether the mother or children were most pleased to see her—the latter joyfully recollected her skill in story-telling and singing; and Mrs.

Temple, feeling most sensibly the want of her accustomed intercourse at Deane Hall, would have welcomed a much less agreeable guest, and therefore received her young friend with even greater pleasure than usual. The whole party walked long enough in a brisk blowing wind, to make them relish, on their return, a blazing fire, and a tea-table rather more substantially provided, than is commonly to be seen in more modish families.

When the children went to bed, Mr. Temple, saying he had letters to write for the next morning's post, retired to his study, in order to give Adelaide an opportunity of opening her heart to his wife. "Come, my dear Adele," said Mrs. Temple, "neither you nor I shall be comfortable, till we have had this conversation, that I see hangs so heavily on your mind. Tell me what it is that distresses you, my love, and, if possible, we will find a remedy for it."

Adelaide, with as much composure

as she could command, informed Mrs. Temple, that during the short period Mr. Sullivan survived her father, though he treated her with great kindness, yet he had taken no steps to fulfil the promise he had given of introducing her to her family. Immediately on his death, Mr. Austin came to Webberly House, and expressing his regrets that circumstances rendered it impossible for him to receive her into his own family, as he was on the point of taking an invalide daughter to the Madeiras, advised her nominating Mrs. Sullivan her guardian in conjunction with himself. Adelaide, abhorring all clandestine proceedings, earnestly solicited Mr. Austin's permission, to inform Mrs. Sullivan for what purpose she was placed under her late husband's protection. To this he consented only in part, refusing his sanction to this lady's being acquainted with the name of Miss Wildenheim's noble relations; charging her, on the contrary, to

conceal it carefully from all the world till she came of age, as he feared her claims would meet with decided opposition from part of her family, and little support from any; and informing her, that a premature disclosure might ruin her future prospects; and that law proceedings would be more costly, and less efficacious, while she was a minor, than when she could act directly for herself. In pursuance, therefore, of this advice, Adelaide, with the reservation of this one point, told Mrs. Sullivan all the particulars she knew of herself and her father; and in so doing, went through a series of interrogations of the most distressing nature, as Mrs. Sullivan, having little delicacy of feeling herself, was really almost unconscious of the wounds she inflicted on that of others. After deliberating a few days, she, as has been before mentioned, consented to accept the proposed guardianship; and Mr. Austin immediately proceeding to the Madeiras, his ward was

therefore temporarily deprived of his protection or advice. After relating these particulars, Adelaide endeavoured to explain to Mrs. Temple her reasons for wishing to leave Webberly House; and in executing this unpleasant task, was much embarrassed between the necessity of doing herself justice, by showing she was not actuated by any unreasonable whims or caprices, and her respect for the laws of hospitality, which made her regard as sacred the transactions of any family she domesticated with. But, indeed, she seldom *thought*, and never *said*, the worst the actions of those she associated with would warrant. However, Mrs. Temple was one of those who could understand *à demi-mot*, without waiting for a harassing detail sufficient to satisfy a court of law, and often listened to rather from a love of *slander* than of *justice*. "I am well aware," continued Adelaide, "that the reception I shall meet with from my relations very much

depends on the respectability of the manner, in which I first present myself to their notice. The moment I am of age, Mrs. Sullivan may, and probably will, withdraw her protection from me; for she has lately hinted once or twice, that she much regretted having ever granted it. I there fore think the most advisable course for me to pursue is, to write her a polite letter, conveying my thanks for the asylum she has hitherto granted me, but expressing my doubts of its being agreeable to her longer to continue it: requesting, if my surmises are well founded, that she will have the goodness to seek an eligible home for me; or," continued she, looking mournfully at Mrs. Temple, "permit me to apply to my *only* friend to aid me in the search: but that, if on mature deliberation she can satisfy her mind, that she really does *wish* my continuing to reside with her, I shall prefer doing so to domesticating myself in another family, till I can ascertain whether

my own will receive me; but that, when this point is once decided, either for or against me, I do not mean to trespass further on her hospitality. And now, my dear Mrs. Temple, this is the subject, on which I am so anxious to obtain your opinion and that of Mr. Temple. I know not what apology to make for having so long trespassed on your patience by this tedious recital." Mrs. Temple begged to consult her husband, before she expressed her own ideas, as she feared to trust to her unassisted judgment on a point of so much importance. But before she left the room, she took up a volume of Patronage, and laughingly pointed out to Adelaide's notice the following passage:—"You will never be a heroine—What a stupid uninteresting heroine you will make! You will never get into any *entanglements*, never have any adventures; or, if kind fate should, propitious to my prayer, bring you into some charming difficulties,

even then we could not tremble for you, or enjoy all the luxury of pity, because we should always know, that you would be so well able to extricate yourself,—so certain to conquer, or,—not die—but endure."

Mrs. Temple, in the first spontaneous benevolence of her heart, had nearly been tempted to offer Adelaide an asylum at the Rectory, till her future line of life should be finally decided; but quickly recollecting what was due to Mr. Temple, repaired to his study, more for the purpose of suggesting it to him, than for that of stating her young friend's queries; which dispatching in as few words as possible, without further preparation, she proposed her own plan in the most abrupt manner possible; and as quickly read in his countenance his marked disapprobation of her inconsiderate project. "My dear Charlotte," said he, after a short pause, "the goodness of your heart makes you always so zealous to promote

the happiness of others, that you quite forget your own. But, my love, you must respect the sanctuary of your domestic peace; it, like the Paradise of our first parents, admits of no intruder. I am inclined to believe Miss Wildenheim to be a most estimable young woman. The prudence and uprightness of her present proposition strengthens my former good opinion of her. As long as these impressions remain, I shall be happy to receive her occasionally as a visitor, and will most willingly do any thing to promote her welfare, short of domesticating her in this house. But, setting yourself out of the question, my dear Charlotte, do you think you would act justly towards your daughters (recollect Anna is now eleven years old), by introducing into the very bosom of your family a girl we have so superficial a knowledge of; and whose situation is so doubtful and extraordinary, and who may after all be but a foreign adven-

turer ?" As Mr. Temple said this, his features wore an expression of unusual gravity. " Oh, James !" exclaimed his wife, " don't let your prudence make you unjust: go to her, and if you will impartially look on her ingenuous countenance, and observe her simple manners, you will never pronounce her a foreign adventurer. Besides, after knowing Mr. Austin so many years, can you suppose him capable of being an accomplice in a fraud ?" " You are right, my dear Charlotte : I was most unjust," replied Mr. Temple, his brow relaxing from the austerity that had overcast it a moment before. " And I," said she, extending her hand with a smile of conciliating sweetness, " was equally imprudent." In this confession she was perfectly sincere ; she hardly wished to dissuade her husband from his sage resolution; for he had convinced her judgment, though perhaps her feelings were yet unsubdued.

It may here be remarked, that there

is something in the ties of relationship, which acts as a sort of necessity, and makes us excuse the faults, which a domestic scene displays in the most perfect characters. But it is far otherwise in friendship ; and those who there court too great intimacy, resemble the man in the fable of the golden eggs, and often destroy in a day riches, that, by wise forbearance, might have lasted their lives.

Mr. Temple, on going up stairs to Adelaide, told her, that the line of conduct she had marked out for herself was the most proper she could adopt, giving it his unqualified approbation. He then proceeded to give her much sage advice, adding to it the most comforting assurances of support and protection. Adelaide poured forth her gratitude and her pleasure, with all the ardency of feelings long suppressed. Her spirits rose in proportion to their previous depression. She once more had the happiness of hearing a reverend voice address her in

tones of approbation for her virtues, and of consolation for her distresses. Perhaps the evening of this anxious day was one of the happiest of her life.

CHAPTER XI.

Helas ! ou donc chercher ou trouver le bonheur ?
En tout lieu, en tout temps, dans toute la nature,
Nulle part tout entier, partout avec mesure,
Et partout passager, hors dans son seul Auteur.
Il est semblable au feu dont la douce chaleur,
Dans chaque autre élément en secret s' insinue,
Descend dans les rochers, s' éleve dans la nue,
Va rougir le corail dans le sable des mers,
Et vit dans les glaçons qu'ont durcis les hivers.*

VOLTAIRE.

WHILST Adelaide remained at the Parsonage, she had the advantages of

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* Alas ! then where should happiness be sought ?
In Nature's self.—Cast but thine eyes around,
In every place, in every age, 'tis found ;
No where entire, but always in degree,
And fleeting still, except, Oh God ! with thee,
(Thou its great Author.) Like thy fire, its heat
In every other element we meet ;

becoming acquainted with a scene of domestic life of the most admirable na-

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Deep in the bosom of the harden'd stone,
As in the clouds its vital power we own;
In ocean's caves, in coral beds it glows,
And lives beneath the glacier's endless snows.

As the reader may find it not uninteresting to compare the ideas of such great writers as Pope and Voltaire on the same subject, the opening verses of the fourth epistle of the Essay on Man are here subjoined, though perhaps an apology is due for transcribing lines impressed on every English memory.

Oh Happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name:
That something still, which prompts th' eternal sigh
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, seen double by the fool and wise.
Plant of celestial seed! if dropp'd below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow;
Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?

ture ; and she did not fail, with her usual good sense, to derive many useful lessons from her intercourse with Mrs. Temple. From her example as much was proved to her mind by reason, as had been demonstrated *ab absurdo* by the Webberly family ; and as, during Baron Wildenheim's life, she had never been domesticated with females of her own rank, the faults of the one, and the merits of the other, appeared to her view with all the force of novelty. Mrs. Temple in herself, her children, and her establishment, displayed a model of amiable and judicious conduct ; as a wife and mother, she was beyond praise, and nothing could

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Where grows ? where grows it not ? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where ;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And, fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with
thee.

exceed the comfort and respectability of her well regulated family ; for being a woman of good understanding, she did not carry *management* to an extreme, that is destructive of the comfort it is meant to promote ; nor was she possessed by the would-be thrifty housewife's expensive and troublesome mania for pickling and preserving, but in all things observed that happy medium, which good sense alone knows how to keep. Mr. Temple had in his youth lived much in the world, there associating principally with literary and scientific men ; with several of such as still survived he maintained a constant correspondence, and, by occasional visits to London and Oxford, where his affairs sometimes called him, he renewed his acquaintance with men of his own stamp. He also kept himself up to the changes and occurrences of the times, by taking in at the Parsonage the daily papers, reviews, and the best of the new publications of every description. Two

or three times a year some members of his or Mrs. Temple's family visited the Rectory; and they preserved such habits of friendly intercourse with their rich and poor neighbours, that they seldom found that want of society, which is so universally deplored.

It would be curious to make those, who are constantly lamenting the want of good society, point out where *it is to be found.*— Dissipation, say they, has banished it from great capitals and watering-places. What in country towns is called society, consists of a repetition of card parties, differing from each other in no one respect, except as to the rooms they are held in; where, besides "old men and women," are to be found *girls* of all ages, doing their best to amuse themselves, without the smallest assistance being afforded them by the hostess; with here and there an old married clergyman, an attorney's or apothecary's apprentice, "thinly scatter'd to make up a

show," and remind the ladies that "beaux are not to be had." In the country, unless people have fortune, which enables them to bring their company, like other luxuries, from a distance, society consists of a few dinner parties in summer, where a tedious repast is quickly followed by tea and coffee, which serve as a signal for every body to go away, that they may, before darkness comes on, walk or drive home in safety over bad roads; and the master and mistress, as soon as their guests have departed, congratulate each other that "every thing went off so well." Nor is it the least of their joy, that their company have gone off too!

To all this it may be answered, that our mothers and grandmothers tell us society was very gay in their young days. The truth is, people were not then so fastidious, and were content to be amused in any way they could. There is now a twilight of refinement spread over the middle classes, just suf-

ficient to show them disagreeables they had never before suspected, but not bright enough to teach them the best way of avoiding them. Formerly people could be amused with an ill sung song, or an awkward dance. But now every girl must sing bravuras and dance like Angelina. The young men, having reached a still higher pitch of refinement, neither sing nor dance at all.

The same fastidiousness reigns throughout. Every body's dress must be of the newest fashion; and a whole family is put to inconvenience for a week, to give their company an attempt at French cookery. In short, if people cannot be entertained "in a good style," they are resolved not to be entertained at all. Pleasant society, like happiness, if proper means are taken to cultivate it, is, with very few exceptions, to be found every where or no where. The misfortune is, people repulse it, unless it comes arrayed in the very garb they wish it to

wear. How few have the wisdom to act on that sage maxim, "When we have not what we like, we must like what we have!" This was always Mr. and Mrs. Temple's practice; and, though they enjoyed to the utmost the intellectual pleasures afforded by the society of Miss Wildenheim, they found in the kindness and simplicity of Mrs. Martin's sentiments pleasure of another kind, and to a well judging mind one not less delightful. With this good lady and her *coterie* they occasionally varied their winter evenings, by playing a friendly game of cards; and Lucy was not unfrequently the companion of Mrs. Temple's summer walks.

Mr. Temple was extremely anxious, to make Adelaide's present visit to the Parsonage of lasting benefit to her peace of mind. When she had been there the year before, her grief was too recent to render any allusion to the subject of it advisable; and at Webberly House it was treated with so little delicacy, that her pride, as

well as her tenderness of feeling for her father's memory, made her most carefully confine it to her own bosom. With the bitterest anguish at heart she outwardly carried the appearance of quiet contentment. Had she continued thus circumstanced much longer, she would either have sunk into an early grave, or have acquired an unbending sternness of character, that would have crushed all the finer feelings of her soul, and have made her as impervious to joy as to sorrow. Though she spared no pains, to promote the welfare of others by every means in her power, and, whenever duty commanded, hesitated not for an instant, to perform any sacrifice it might require; yet, perhaps it had been the fault of her education, to lead her to rely too much on her own mind to secure her happiness; and it was the misfortune of her nature to have feelings of such intensity, that she feared to trust them to exercise even their just power. This peculiar

turn of character, thus moulded by circumstances, did not escape Mr. and Mrs. Temple's observation, and they anxiously endeavoured to rouse her from this state of mental torpor. Until the letter she had addressed to the latter, she had never ventured to express the sorrow, that corroded her heart, to any human being; but having once voluntarily touched on it, Mrs. Temple designedly led her to speak of it, and while she probed the wound, prepared the lenient balm that in time would heal it. The peculiar tenderness of soul, that Adelaide possessed from nature, had been most wisely balanced by the firmness of mind she had derived from education; only the most unpropitious circumstances could have endangered either degenerating to an extreme. To insult she was impervious, but the voice of kindness was to her like the soft breath of spring, which

> "Melts the icy chains that twine
> Around entranced nature's form."

Relaxing into all the softness of her sex and age, her tears flowed without restraint, as she poured her sorrows into Mrs. Temple's friendly bosom ; and, from the well merited praise and judicious counsel she received in return, derived a supporting power, that raised her to a new existence. From consolation Mrs. Temple proceeded to admonition, forcibly representing to Adelaide how culpable she would be, if she continued to nourish in secret a grief, that would render of no avail the capability of usefulness she possessed in mind and fortune, and by this wilful waste of happiness, not only for herself but others, counteract the intention of her being ; finally pointing out to her, that, though she had lost the object of her first duties, the world yet presented a wide field, in which she was bound to exert herself to supply their place by others, even should she never find any of equal interest or importance.

CHAPTER IX.

O! Primavera, gioventu del' anno,
Bella madre di fiori,
D'herbe novelle, e di novelli amori,
Tu torni ben ma teco
Non tornano i sereni
E fortunati di de le mie gioje.
Tu torni ben, tu torni
Ma teco altro non torna
Che del perduto mio caro tesoro,
La rimembranza misera e dolente.*

IL PASTOR FIDO.

THE Parsonage garden was now blooming in all the beauty of summer, and the

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* Delightful spring! youth of the year,
Thou blooming mother of the opening flowers,
The fresh'ning verdure, and the new-born loves—
Thou now returnest! But no second spring
Will e'er return of those serene delights,
That bless'd my fleeting hours of happiness—

hedges had exchanged the fragrance of the violet for that of the flaunting woodbine. Instead of a brisk walk of a bracing March evening, its happy inmates enjoyed a sauntering ramble by the light of the newly risen stars, over rich meadows, or through wooded glades and cheerful valleys.

Mrs. Temple and Adelaide were one evening returning from such a walk: every thing was at rest in the surrounding scene; the very flowers of day had closed their corollas, and ceased to give forth their perfumes; but the air was fragrant with the night-blowing orchis, and the new-mown grass; and sometimes it brought to their ear the melody of the nightingale, the hooting of the owl, or the hum of the night crow.

Such a scene is more favourable to

Thou now return'st! But with thee nought returns
To my sad thoughts but renovated sorrow,
And bitter mem'ry of departed joys.

meditation than discourse; and, when speech is found, it more resembles thinking aloud than conversation. The two friends had continued long in silence, when Mrs. Temple said, "I am never so pious as in such a scene as this; my heart overflows with gratitude to the Author of the spontaneous happiness, that, unsought, seems to pour in on the mind." "Certainly the devotion of the heart is most pure in such a temple," replied Adelaide; "I wonder the worship of the air was not in ancient times more general. It appears to my mind the best emblem of the deity, that man by reason alone can form;—it is every where present, every where invisible; in it 'we live and move, and have our being.' We confess its awful might in the storm, and feel its beneficent power every moment of our lives." These and similar reflections cheated the friends of their time till they reached the Parsonage, where a light in the drawing-room

informed them Mr. Temple had returned from his ride. As they entered the room, he gave Adelaide the long expected letter from Mrs. Sullivan; she hesitated for an instant to open it, with that undefined dread we always feel on receiving any communication from a person, whose good will we are doubtful of possessing. However, on reading her letter, she was not a little relieved to find it written in a style of unusual civility; but was surprised beyond measure to find it request, or rather *desire*, her to meet Mrs. Sullivan at Shrewsbury, from whence she intended proceeding to Ireland, declining all discussion as to matters of business, till their return to Webberly House. In her first surprise, she did not perceive the short period of Mrs. Sullivan's intended absence from her accustomed residence; but a confused picture of being taken to another kingdom, and separated from the only people from whom she had any chance of receiving kindness or protec-

tion, mixed with painful recollections of her last journey, rose to her mind. Her first thought was not to go; but she as quickly remembered, that Mrs. Sullivan's authority, as her guardian, was indisputable; also that she ought no longer to trespass on the hospitality of her kind hosts. The agitation of her countenance did not escape Mrs. Temple's observation, but she forbore to notice it; and Adelaide, commanding herself sufficiently to bid good night, retired to her room.

When she read Mrs. Sullivan's letter more attentively a second time, she smiled at the phantom she had raised to terrify herself; for she found her guardian proposed returning home rather before she should be of age, and that of course the dilemma, she had fancied would arise from her being in Ireland without any positive claim on Mrs. Sullivan's protection, would not occur.

Being convinced she could not avoid going to Ireland, her next endeavour

was to persuade herself the journey would not be unpleasant; for it was always her custom to look for the best side of every thing and every body: she therefore soon discovered, that becoming acquainted with a country and a people she knew as little of as the Iroquois tribes, would afford her more amusement, than spending another summer at Webberly House. The civility of Mrs. Sullivan's letter was so striking, that Adelaide began to think she had been too harsh in her judgment of her character, and determined that her expedition should commence with a voyage of discovery, to ascertain the unknown perfections of the mother and daughters. A strong intellect may command the feelings, but the body is not so obedient as the mind. Adelaide found, though she could compose her thoughts to rest, she could not quiet her nerves to sleep, and therefore got up with the sun; and taking a book to fix her ideas, remained

out of doors till Mrs. Temple's early breakfast hour.

At breakfast she read to her friends the subjoined letter from Mrs. Sullivan. Notwithstanding all her distress of mind, it was with the utmost difficulty she could command her countenance while she did so. She omitted some passages, and slightly altered the wording of others; but though her eyes during this time were perseveringly cast down, their comical expression was not thus concealed; for the light that streamed from beneath their half-closed lids was reflected on her cheek, and brightened her whole countenance, displaying as unequivocally what passed in her mind, as if she had directed to her auditors the most meaning glances of arch drollery. She was too generous to wish to expose Mrs. Sullivan's extreme ignorance to her friends, as it was exemplified in this ill spelled, ill written scrawl. But she had yet another secondary motive, which prompted her to

screen it from their eyes; and this trifling circumstance may perhaps explain her character more effectually, than one of greater importance, in which nine rational people out of ten would act alike.

She had but little vanity, yet from nature and education was proud in the extreme. This ambiguous quality, partaking of vice and virtue, which is "both perhaps or neither," was interwoven in the very texture of her mind, was blended with many of her virtues and most of her errors, and prompted her always to shield as much as possible from ridicule any person she was even slightly connected with. Mrs. Temple was nearly as much amused by the grave dignity of her countenance, when she looked up after reading her letter, which seemed to say, "You ought not to laugh," as she had been by its droll expression a few moments before.

Mrs. Sullivan to Miss Wildenheim.

London, June 1st. ——

My dear Miss Wildenheim,

I've received your letter, and am glad to hear your well: so is Meelly and Cilly. I be sometimes troubled with the vind; but howsomedever I gets my health middling. This comes to say we be all a-going to Ireland with all speed; and I must *retreat* and *insist* that you come two; and we can taulk all about what you wrot me in March when we returns from them there outlandish parts. But I'm in great hops Jack will mary his cozen Hannah Leatherly after all, which I just menshion, as young girls be very apt to think ever a man that looks after 'em be in love with 'em. But says I to my eye, Addle Wildenheim has two much spirit of her own to covet her neighbour's goods. So, my dear, if you'll meat us at Shrovesbirry, I'll be

excedin glad to be your shoprun ; and we mean to reeturn to Webberly House afore the time comes of your mynoritie been over ; so till then I wont here taulk of your chousing no other garden.

We be a goin to see Mr. Sullivan and his sister, for he thinks he's a going to put on his wooden great coat, so he's anxshious to see my little Carline, for it's quite natral he shoud desire to see his nearest akin ; and so we shoud a gone six weeks ago, only for certain good raisins that made us wish to stay over Lady Ashbrooke's bawll, which was three nights ago. But no good come off it after all. Some folks are so fine and so sassy, they'd turn up their noses at their own bread and butter. But every dog has his day, and Carline may be as grate a airass as no other guess parson. So now I conclude with complements to Mr. and Mrs. Temple. I'll send John Arding to retort you from Webberly House to Shrovesbirry, and so you may

expect him in less than a weak. You must come in the post-shay ; and you'd better bring your made Lamotte with you, but you must send her back from Shrovesbirry (mind I'm at no costs for her jurney) ; for I can't take but one made to attend both you and I. Seeing she can taulk no English, she'd be of small sarvice to I. I've got a stout girl to do our turn. You must pay half the wagers and travailing expences, and I'll charge you naught for her wittals ; for d'ye mind me, Mr. Sullivan will see to that, which will be all the better for you : a penny saved is a penny got, as my poor father tot me betimes. I'll send Mrs. Harris home to Webberly, (so she'll keep kumpany with Lamotte) ; for she'll be wanted to do the sweetmeats and pikchols this summer ; and I wish, my dear, you'd wright word to John Gardiner, to sell all the fruit at Deane which isn't vaunted for persarvin ; and I expect a good account when I go home. So hop-

ping to met you at Shrovesbirry without fail,

I remane your affectionate friend,

HANNAH SULLIVAN.

P. S.—I'm sure you'd be very sory to take Lamotte to Ireland, you've tot her such bad kustoms, becase she's lived with you since you was a year old. She'd be 'mazed attendin I. You no I be's a bustling body, and a trifle hasty; but I'm nothing the worse for having a good spirit of my own.

Adelaide's delicacy prevented her from allowing her friends to suppose she had any dislike to accompanying Mrs. Sullivan to Ireland, well knowing that if they were aware of it, they would apply to her guardian for permission to protract her stay at the Parsonage; and she succeeded in impressing them with an idea, that the project was far from unpleasant to her. This matter being discussed, they gave her a pressing invita-

tion to spend the following winter with them, during which time Mr. Temple promised, if she gave him authority so to do, to use his best endeavours either to procure her reception by her family, or an eligible abode, wherever she might wish to fix her residence ; also authorizing her, should she find herself in any dilemma previous to her return, to apply to him for whatever assistance she might require. The worthy rector soon interrupted Adelaide's warm acknowledgements for his present and past kindness, by saying, " I hope this delightful scheme, to which Mrs. Temple and I look forward with so much pleasure, will not be prevented by your being run away with by some fine fellow at the other side of the channel. Joking apart," said he seriously, " there is an English gentleman, who is as much in love as his nature will suffer him to be, to whom I hope no consideration will ever tempt you to unite yourself." Adelaide blush-

ed and blushed, till the tears stood in her eyes. Mr. Temple looked at her with astonishment; "Is it possible!" thought he: "You may think me impertinent, Miss Wildenheim, but I know you never contemn the advice of experience and friendship. It would be heart-rending to see you so thrown away;—such a total dissimilarity of character can never produce happiness. You are beings of a different sphere. The moment in which you marry Mr. Webberly, you sign the misery of your whole life." The expression of her countenance was now quite changed, and the few calm words she spoke, convinced her reverend adviser she *then* felt convinced she could never marry Mr. Webberly. But he had, in the course of his life, seen so many strange matches made, that the word "amazement" in matrimony had to him lost its meaning; particularly as he had so often known it commence without "dearly beloved" on the part of either

of the persons concerned ; and still having some little distrust of the future, he would sincerely have rejoiced to hear, that Mr. Webberly had done Miss Leatherly the honour of making her his wife. When Adelaide retired after breakfast, Mr. Temple questioned his wife as to the possibility of her having become attached to Augustus Mordaunt, whom she had frequently met at the Rectory. "What vain creatures you men are!" said she : "A girl can't spend a sleepless night, and be a little agitated by an unexpected change in her plans, but you must suppose her colour comes and goes in the intermittent fits of a love fever." "You may quiz, Charlotte, but I assure you, when Miss Wildenheim used to meet Augustus here, her eyes told more than her tongue." "Then believe me, they told intolerable stories! No young woman of good sense, or good conduct, will ever love a man, who does not show her the most unequivocal preference. After

all, what is called love has its residence more in the brain than the heart. Believe me, Adelaide is no such fool; she has strength of mind to conquer even a reciprocal attachment, if necessary. She has a great deal of feeling, with an equal portion of reason and reflection; but I think her *imagination* is rather in the minority, at least it takes its rise from her feelings, not her feelings from it." "Well, Charlotte, you may think an attachment a very silly thing now; but, you know, you were in love once yourself." "Never with you, I assure you: you know, my dear, that was impossible, for you were old enough to have passed for my father when we married. I had always too much respect for your reverence. Yet I don't think I have made the worse wife, because I never mistook you for a Strephon, but saw from the first you were a good, plain, steady country parson." "And but for this good, plain, steady country parson,

Charlotte," said he, "you would never have been the estimable woman you now are. But to return to Miss Wildenheim: what is it that distresses her? You are clear there is nobody in England she is sorry to leave behind." "Pardon me; I think she is very sorry to leave us." "That I take for granted; but on the whole she seems pleased with her expedition. Perhaps she is unprepared to meet so unexpected a demand on her purse; and Mrs. Sullivan's elegant epistle does not say a word on the subject of money:—she should have had more consideration! I will make an estimate of what the journey to Shrewsbury will cost her—will you give it to her, and say I shall be happy to advance what money she may require." "That I will," replied Mrs. Temple; "Poor thing! I'm sure she would die before she would ask Mrs. Sullivan—at least *I* should, without doubt." When Mr. Temple made out his memorandum, and his wife giving it

to Adelaide repeated his offer, she was so touched by this new instance of her friend's kindness, that she could not for a short time reply to Mrs. Temple; but pressing her hand with the earnestness of gratitude, remained silent for an instant, and then, both by word and look, expressed her grateful sense of all the benefits they had bestowed on her. "In the present instance, however," said she, "I need not trespass on Mr. Temple's goodness; I assure you I am quite rich, sufficiently so to make this unexpected journey no inconvenience." "Nobody is rich now-a-days," said Mrs. Temple; "in such an extravagant family how have you managed, my dear Adele, to get into such a good condition of purse?" "When I was first at Webberly House, I was too unhappy to have any fancies to indulge; and as soon as by your benevolent care I recovered from my primary state of stupefaction, I became so terrified at my unprotected

situation, that I determined to provide for any emergency that might occur, by limiting my expenditure as much as possible. Impressed with these fears, I *dared* not give myself habits of extravagance. I assure you I have been economical almost to parsimony." "Your poor pensioners do not say so," rejoined Mrs. Temple, in a tone of affectionate approbation.—" I do not think it permissible, my dear Mrs. Temple, to provide for future wants by the neglect of present duties. I look upon charity in proportion to our means, as a necessity as indispensable to our condition as daily food and raiment; a due portion of whatever fund procures the one, ought surely to provide for the other." "You are a singular girl," said Mrs. Temple; "I will apply to you Goldsmith's epitaph on Dr. Bernard :—

" If you have any faults, you have left us in doubt,
At least in six weeks I could not find them out."

The few days Adelaide had to spend at the Parsonage flew most rapidly away. She saw the dreaded morning arrive, in which she was to commence her journey, with a heavy heart, and perhaps those she was to leave behind were yet more sorrowful than herself. In the separation of friends, those who depart are never half so much to be pitied as those who remain. Change of scene, motion, and fatigue, insensibly divert the former; but the latter have nothing new to fill up the uncomfortable void they feel. It is long before the eye ceases to look for the beloved face it has been used to gaze on, or the ear unconsciously to expect the well-known voice or step. The children had bid farewell to Adelaide the night before, not without many pressing entreaties for her speedy return; but the father and mother got up at a very early hour, to take leave of her on the morning of her departure. At the sight of Mrs. Temple she could no longer control her

feelings, but threw herself in an agony of sorrow into her arms, saying, it was her fate always to be torn from what was dear to her in life, and that she should know nothing like happiness till she saw her again. Mr. Temple, seeing her make a great effort to restrain her tears, said, "Do not, my dear young friend, suppress the expression of your sorrow; here are those who respect your tears—they are most natural to your age and sex. You have too much the habit of suppressing your own feelings, to avoid distressing those of others. We shall all meet happily again in a few months, and then your connection with that unamiable family will cease. You are too deserving of happiness not to meet with it;—indeed you will find it in your own mind, when you recover from the first shock of the heavy affliction it has pleased Providence to assign you. You may, if it is any consolation, take with you an old man's blessing; whose utmost wish

would be gratified in having a daughter to resemble you." Mrs. Temple, who had been nearly as much comforted by his commendation as Adelaide, now said, "Rouse yourself, my dear girl, and look at all those impertinent Webberlys, as much as to say, 'I hold ye in sovereign contempt.' I wish you were not content with *feeling* your own superiority, but would occasionally assert it. I should like to see them smarting under the power of ridicule certain arch smiles have told me you possess—indeed, indeed, my dear, you are righteous over much: do oblige me, and be a little spiteful."

By the time breakfast was over, Adelaide's spirits were comforted by Mr. Temple, and rallied by his wife. Though she could not trust herself to say, "Good bye," she stept into the carriage with tolerable composure; but when she lost sight of them and their cheerful abode, she experienced an acuteness of sorrow

she some time before had thought she was as incapable of ever feeling again, as an equal degree of joy.

When the carriage drove away, Mr. Temple made a speedy retreat into his study ; and the traces of tears were still visible on his wife's face, when they met at dinner.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAPTER XIII.

One only passion unreveal'd
With maiden pride the maid conceal'd ;
Yet not less purely felt the flame—
Oh ! need I then that passion name ?

SCOTT.

CIVIL people always meet with civility, and Adelaide accomplished her journey without meeting either accident or insult. When the carriage stopped at the Talbot Inn in Shrewsbury, she was received at the door by Mr. Webberly, who had evidently been watching her arrival. On her asking for his mother and sisters, he pointed to a window, where she saw Mrs. Sullivan attired in a sky-blue habit of cassimir, with a white beaver hat and feathers. Cecilia, in a modish pelisse, looking at that dis-

tance very handsome; and Miss Webberly, in the opposite window, *intently* reading. Mrs. Sullivan met Adelaide half way down stairs, apparently glad to see her. The young ladies greeted her with a slight bow, just muttering a scarcely audible "How d'ye do:"—one turning to stare out of the window, the other affecting to bestow all her attention on her book. Little Caroline, exclaiming "Oh, tie my frock quick, quick! there's my dear Adele come: I hear mama talking to her,"—burst from an inner apartment, heedless of the remonstrances of her maid, and jumping up with one spring, twisted her ivory arms about her neck; and as Adelaide fondly pressed the lovely child to her heart, her countenance expressed those feelings—

> "Which are to mortals given,
> With less of earth in them than Heav'n:"

For affliction had indeed "touched her

looks with something that was scarce earthly," and, when brightened by any emotion near akin to joy, smiles such as might have beamed in the face of a seraph illuminated hers. Mrs. Sullivan, in a tone of sorrowful admiration, whispered to Cecilia, "Jack can't choose but fancy her; she's beautifuller than ever: I han't seen her like since we parted." "Law, mama!" replied Cecilia with unmixed vexation, "I believe you've taken leave of your senses, since you used to say she was a sallow poking thing. You forget what beautiful girls the Miss Nathans, and the Miss Bakers, and all the Lunnon ladies are." Here, with affected indifference and real mortification, she stopped to examine the subject of their discourse through her glass. As she continued to gaze, her soft cheek became crimsoned with anger, and her beautiful eye, which seemed formed to convey the tender feelings of the gentlest female heart, scowled with the dark ex-

pression of envy. Adelaide, turning her eyes on her face, met that glance, and sighing to see the youthful bloom of this fair creature deformed by malevolent emotions, felt for her the pity of a superior nature, that from its own beatitude beholds the fretful passions of a being incessantly employed in weaving the web of its own misery, and mourns that it may not save the wretched victim from its self-destroying arts.

When Adelaide sat down, Mr. Webberly, leaning over the arm of the sofa, began a complimentary conversation, which she soon terminated on the excuse of retiring to make some slight alteration in her travelling dress before the time of dinner. In the course of this evening, Mrs. Sullivan and her son overloaded Miss Wildenheim with officious civilities; and the young ladies paid her many ironical compliments intended as insults; but she *would* not show, by word or look, that she understood them

otherwise than according to the literal sense, and amused herself a little maliciously (forgive her, for she was but human) by observing their disappointment at finding their best efforts at mortifying her fail of success. But at night, her feelings were those of bitter anguish, as she involuntarily compared this day with the last she had spent at the Parsonage of Deane, in the enlightened society of her kind friends. "But I shall meet them again ere long, and shall enjoy their society doubly from the comparison of my present associates. I am resolved to think the time till we meet as little disagreeable as possible." Her thoughts then reverted to the scenes of her early life, on which they could now rest with mournful complacency; and, as she recalled to memory the precepts of her beloved father, with a pardonable superstition, she fondly flattered herself that he yet spoke to her heart. The treasured admonitions of this revered

parent at once fortified her mind and soothed her feelings; on them she continued to ponder till sleep deprived her of recollection and his image at the same moment. Her heart was cheered by a sentiment of filial piety, similar to that so beautifully expressed by Scott's Ellen:

> My soul, though feminine and weak,
> Can image his; even as the lake,
> Itself disturb'd by slightest stroke,
> Reflects the invulnerable rock.

Notwithstanding Adelaide's best endeavours to persuade herself the Webberlys *en masse* were a pleasant family, and not less amiable than agreeable, she now found them more intolerable than ever.

Mr. Webberly's attentions were as incessant as disgusting, and to her astonishment his mother no longer gave them overt opposition. His sisters, on the contrary, were more than ever devoured by "proud spleen and burning envy;"

but they excited in her mind only the most profound compassion. Pity is said to be near akin to love; it is sometimes however very closely allied to that mournful pardon we grant to a character, whose irremediable defects excite our unqualified hopeless disapprobation.

As for Mrs. Sullivan, Adelaide felt grieved she could not like her, for she at least had the feelings of a mother; and where is the character so degraded, that these will not give a claim to our love, to our veneration? When she saw this poor woman, full of love and pride in her elder children, pour forth her fondness on them, and saw the ungrateful objects of her tenderness insultingly disdain it, because it did not appear in the language and gestures of what they supposed to be fashion, she redoubled her attentions, and her sweetly soothing manners, sometimes chased the starting tears from the offended mother's eye, sometimes made them flow from the bitterness of the com-

parison they caused her to make. But when, softened by compassion, Adelaide was reproaching herself for her want of liking to a woman, who, though a mistaken, was an affectionate mother, some trait of ostentatious arrogant despotism to those not united by ties of relationship sent her benevolent feelings, with accelerated motion, back to the source of kindness from whence they had begun to flow. Vulgarity alone was no crime in in her mind; she considered it merely as an accident to which certain conditions are liable, and, therefore, when it was an accompaniment of worth, she did not *dare* to feel it a fit subject of contempt. She was too noble in soul, too pious in heart, to presume on her accidental advantages of education, to despise "the pure in spirit," who are, however lowly in earthly station, glorious in the approving smile of Heaven.

But as Mrs. Sullivan was on one point alone entitled to respect, and even there

imperfectly, (for, owing to the mercenary artifices of her elder daughters, she was nearly indifferent to Caroline,) Adelaide had now a hard task to perform—namely, to fortify herself once more with indifference to all her associates. Her feelings had been awakened from their temporary torpor by her visit to the Temples, and she now felt it most painful to lower them to the icy temperature they had attained in the soul-benumbing atmosphere of Webberly House. "However, (thought she,) I must only play the dormouse, and, like it, having gone through a few months' torpidity, I shall then wake to an existence of positive enjoyment."

Mrs. Sullivan, during Miss Wildenheim's absence, had become conscious of the value of her decorum of manner; for besides the attention it prompted this young lady to pay her, as due to the person under whose roof she resided, it acted as a restraint on the rudeness of her daughters, who, when unshackled by

the presence of an example of propriety in their domestic scene, opposed their mother in every trifle with the most perverse obstinacy. Mr. Webberly, as soon as he had been refused by Selina, told his mother, in the first effusions of his wounded pride, he was determined to marry Miss Wildenheim directly. "He was rich enough to please himself after all; he was sure she was a far personabler woman than Miss Seymour, though Miss did think no small beer of herself." As he could not have Selina, his mother now wished him to marry his cousin Miss Leatherby, who was nearly as rich, though she had not the advantages of connection, that had won her pride to prefer Miss Seymour. She had long delayed her answer to Adelaide's letter, determining she should seek another home; but her son declared if she did not bring her to Ireland, he would not go either, but would remain in whatever place she resided till she was of age, and

then it would not be in his mother's power to prevent their marriage. Mrs. Sullivan, alarmed at this menace, determined no longer to use open opposition, but to trust to chance and the possibility of Miss Wildenheim's own pride assisting her to defeat his wishes; therefore offered to compromise the matter, by saying she would bring Miss Wildenheim with her to Ireland, on condition he did not actually propose for her till the period fixed for their return to England, promising she would do nothing to prevent his paying her what attentions he pleased; but, at the same time giving him to understand, the match would never receive her approbation, reminding him that a ten thousand pound fortune with a wife was nothing! and that he had little now left but what she pleased to give him. Mr. Webberly had found out from Selina's conduct, it was possible he might be refused; therefore, yielding in part to his mother's wishes, acknowledging, on se-

cond thoughts, a little delay would be no bad thing, as it might enable him to conquer his mistress's resentment for his having transferred his attention elsewhere, which he elegantly expressed, by saying "In the first brush of the thing she may cuff off her nose to punish her face."

Our travellers proceeded on their journey with the most dissimilar feelings possible. Mrs. Sullivan enjoying the idea of the fortune this expedition would secure to Caroline—the Miss Webberlys, in sullen discontent, were forming schemes to make their mother return as soon as possible to the neighbourhood of London, supposing the society of Ballinamoyle must be still more insipid than that in the vicinity of Webberly House—their brother engaged in promoting the success of his passion for Adelaide, she not less so in keeping him at a distance, and in the endeavour to divert her thoughts from her companions to the country they passed through—Caroline alone, with

unfeigned pleasure, was enjoying the change of scene, and coaxing her "Dear, precious Adele," who returned the sweet child's caresses with equal affection. The weather was intolerably hot; the Miss Webberlys would not consent to have their pelisses faded by opening the barouche—"You know, mama, we can't get any thing from London for a long time, and you would not have *us* dress in the Irish fashions:" so the four ladies and Caroline were nearly suffocated with heat; little relief was obtained from letting down the front windows, for Mr. Webberly and a footman in the driving seat intercepted the air. Mr. Webberly had placed himself there, that he might from time to time cast sweet looks at Adelaide. She sat with her back to him that she might not see them; but this was of little avail, for he tapped her every five minutes on the shoulder, on pretence of pointing out some remarkable object to her notice, therefore she willingly accept-

ed Mrs. Sullivan's offer of making room for her on the other seat. Oh! how she envied the abigails, as they drove past in the post chaise! she could not enjoy the pleasure of walking up the hills with Caroline, as in that case, Mr. Webberly was at her side in an instant, ready primed with the compliments he had composed on the barouche seat. But notwithstanding all this, she was enchanted with the picturesque scenery of North Wales: the Vale of Langollen, Capel Kerrick, and Lake Oggen, called forth her rapturous praise, in the expression of which she was sometimes joined by her companions, though they were little capable of feeling the pleasure she experienced.

Mrs. Sullivan's parsimony always showing itself in trifles, she quarrelled with all the drivers, ostlers, chamber maids, and waiters, as she came along, by offering them less than people who travelled with the same *cortegé* usually did. The Welsh

are a remarkably sturdy people; and if, on entering Wales, you offend the man who drives you the first stage, the bad effects of his irascible feelings follow your carriage wheels to the last. What must it be when each equestrian is individually enraged at you!

The carriage windows were no sooner drawn up, to put an end to the clamour occasioned by such squabbles on the outside, than the usual contentions were renewed within, which seldom ceased till the time for wrangling with the ostlers arrived again, for which a scold to the last turnpike keeper, for the badness of the roads, in proportion to the high tolls, served as a prelude. However, they at last reached Holyhead: as Adelaide skipped into the inn, overjoyed to be comparatively at liberty, she exclaimed, in thought, "Thank goodness, so much of my Purgatory is over! Why Webberly House was Heaven to this! However we shall travel only a small portion

of the time I am to spend in penance for my sins.—They will all be sea-sick to-morrow, and then I shall have a few hours' peace."

CHAPTER XIV.

Now hoist the sail, and let the streamers float
Upon the wanton breezes; strew the deck
With lavender, and sprinkle liquid sweets,
That no rude savour maritime invade
The nose of nice nobility.

COWPER.

ON the following evening, wind and tide answering, the packet in which our travellers were to embark was prepared for sailing.

The music of the indefatigable harper, in the passage, was completely drowned by the uproar of an universal commotion; the persons and voices of masters and mistresses, children, ladies' maids, footmen, and boatmen, were mixed in one undistinguished throng, as they

crowded about the inn door. Mrs. Sullivan stood at the foot of the stairs screaming, loud enough for her shrill *contr'alto* to be heard above all the murmuring crowd:—"Meely! Cilly! do bestir yourselves; we're too late by a mile! here's the wery last boat imparting." The tardy-gaited damsels made their appearance just as one of the boatmen informed their mother, the captain had sent to say, he would not wait another minute; and they reached the side of the ship exactly at the moment he prepared to put his threat in execution. Poor Mrs. Sullivan had seldom seen, and had never been on the sea before, therefore it is not surprising that she was much terrified at finding herself in a small boat, on this, to her, unusual element; however, after many exclamations of terror, she congratulated herself, and all the party, on being safe on board: she might now have said with Foote,

"When first I went on board, Good Lord! what
a racket,
Such babbling and squalling fore and aft through
the packet;
The passengers bawling, the sailors yo-ho-ing,
The ship along dashing, the wind aloft blowing;
Some sick, and some swearing, some singing, some
shrieking,
Sails hoisting, blocks rattling, the yards and
booms creaking!

It was that season of the year in which such of the Irish bipeds as are birds of passage, pay a summer's visit to their native shores: the packet was crowded to excess; and not only every birth was taken, but the cabin floors were spread with mattresses for the supernumeraries. Mrs. Sullivan had secured the *state* cabin, where people pay an additional price, for the honour and glory of encountering imminent danger of suffocation, in a commodious apartment, six feet broad by eight feet long, containing four beds, two above and two below; and in this receptacle of pride, many a repentant

victim of human vanity has sent forth pious aspirations after "*a new birth.*" Mrs. Sullivan, on going below, found that, besides the beds in the state cabin, only two others could be procured for Caroline and the maids; she however settled the matter, much to her satisfaction, by saying, "Willis must sit up all night." But Adelaide seeing the poor woman's face changing colour, with a compassion that never rose for an *inferior* in Mrs. Sullivan's breast, said, "If you will allow me, I will make up a bed for myself in the floor of your cabin, with the night sacks and dressing boxes; and then Willis can have my birth; she looks very sick, poor thing, perhaps you will give her leave to go to bed now." "I have no dejection to your doing what you likes with your own birth, Miss Vildenheim; but if Villis goes to bed, what can I do to undress?"—"Oh! I will be your waiting woman with pleasure." So saying, Adelaide seized the golden oppor-

tunity before the permission could be recalled, and persuaded the fainting Willis to occupy her bed.

When they returned to the deck all was comparatively quiet; the ladies were seated, and the gentlemen walking about in parties, examining the various groups of females which presented themselves to their view. Next to Adelaide was seated a very elegant woman, whom she heard addressed by the name of St. Orme, and whose husband was walking arm in arm with a remarkably handsome man, who united in his deportment the mien of a soldier, with the air of a man who had lived much in the world. His back was to Adelaide when he first attracted her notice, but when he came close to her, she started up, and met the hand he extended to her, with reciprocal cordiality, and their mutual astonishment, making them for an instant regardless of the presence of so numerous an audience, they addressed each other in the language

they had long been accustomed to converse in, and, after a few hasty sentences of German, Adelaide, blushing to her fingers' ends, on perceiving she had attracted the attention of every person present, introduced the handsome stranger to Mrs. Sullivan as Colonel Desmond, and he was not a little surprised to find in her the widow of his most particular friend. This ceremony being over, Colonel Desmond again addressed Adelaide: "Good Heavens! Miss Wildenheim, who could have thought of seeing you *here!* how time does run on! I hope you don't forget what I remember with so much pleasure, that our acquaintance commenced before you were six years old; and that you used to seat yourself on my knee, with as little ceremony as that beautiful child is preparing to do on yours." Adelaide's dialogue with her new found friend was suddenly interrupted by Mrs. Sullivan becoming so qualmish, that a speedy retreat to her

own cabin was judged advisable, and Colonel Desmond, after assisting the ladies to go down stairs, returned to the deck, his fair acquaintance remaining below to give her promised aid to her *chaperone*.

Though Colonel Desmond was then in his forty-fifth year, his florid complexion, brilliant eye, and martial air, made him appear nearly ten years younger; nor were the few unwelcome gray hairs, that attempted to tell tales of other times, in contradiction to their darker companions, in sufficient number to counteract the appearance of youth, that the finest set of teeth in the world gave to his face. His forehead, eyes, and brows, seemed the seat of sense and manly daring, but all the kindly affections of human nature dwelt about his mouth. Adelaide had early applied to him the motto of the Chevalier Bayard—*L'homme sans peur et sans reproche*: and in the days of youthful enthusiasm, he had, in her scale

of admiration, ranked next to her father—nor was he unworthy of her regard.

This gallant soldier was the second son of a country gentleman, whose family had lived from generation to generation in habits of friendship with that of the late Mr. Sullivan, who was also a younger son. These young men were companions, school-fellows, and friends, and on the death of their fathers, found themselves but scantily provided for. Edward Desmond, being intended for the church, had gone through some part of his collegiate course in the university of Dublin; but on the death of his father, agreeing with his young friend, that "it was much better to be a soldier than a damned quiz of a parson," resolved to exchange the cassock for the sword. Being a protestant, Edward did not labour under the same disabilities as his friend, but he would not separate their fortunes, and determined to share the same fate, and

follow the same standard; accordingly they left their homes, in order, as they expressed it, in the words of a favourite song, to "go round the world for sport."

They entered the Austrian armies, and the first five years of their career served under the command of Baron Wildenheim, during which time he proved himself their patron and friend; gratitude on their side, and regard on his, preserved the intimacy thus formed, by correspondence and personal communication, long after they had ceased to be brother soldiers. Colonel Desmond remained in Germany, several years subsequent to Mr. Sullivan's return to England, so that he was much better known to Adelaide than the latter gentleman; and till she recollected he was unmarried, she had often wondered her father had not left her to his guardianship, in preference to a person who was to her a comparative stranger. Though Desmond and Sullivan had commenced their career of life toge-

ther, they did not long continue on an equality as to character. The superior education Edward had received, in order to qualify him for the profession he was originally designed to embrace, showed its beneficial effects in far different pursuits; for whilst Maurice Sullivan plunged into every species of dissipation, his companion, incited by the expostulations and example of Baron Wildenheim, occupied himself in the acquirement of the knowledge most necessary to his profession, occasionally varying his studies by the pleasures arising from the cultivation of literature and the fine arts. But, however advantageous Colonel Desmond's intercourse with Baron Wildenheim had been to the formation of his character, it had latterly been dangerous to the peace of his mind. He had so long regarded the daughter of his friend with almost parental affection, that he was not exactly aware of the moment, when his feelings towards her became those of a lover; but when awaken-

ed to a sense of the real nature of his sentiments, his hours of solitude were tinctured with regret, as he bitterly lamented that hitherto disregarded want of fortune, which forbade his seeking the hand of the lovely girl. Neither Adelaide, nor the Baron, was ever conscious of this attachment; she only felt for him as a sort of second father, in whose approbation she delighted, and by whose admonition she profited; honour and generosity withheld his using any endeavours to win further on her regard; and feeling that self-control would not much longer be possible, he left Vienna, apparently induced only by the desire to revisit his native country. Time and absence had deadened, but not changed his feelings: with such sentiments, it may therefore be supposed, what happiness this unexpected meeting gave to both. The Miss Webberlys had come down below with their mother and Adelaide, so that the latter was obliged to stay in the suffocat-

ing cabin, where she remained in durance vile above an hour; from time to time she heard Caroline's little merry voice on deck, and longed to be there also; at last, when the little girl retired to bed, she gave Adelaide Mrs. St. Orme's compliments, to know if she would like to come on deck, adding, that she and Colonel Desmond were waiting in the outer cabin to take her up. With the utmost delight she profited by this good natured attention. When they ascended, she found all the passengers disposed of for the night, except Mr. and Mrs. St. Orme and Colonel Desmond.

Miss Wildenheim's present *chaperone* was a very elegant pleasing Irish woman, who added to the ease of well bred manners that sort of kindliness, which appears in those of her countrywomen in general. She was of good family, and was so well assured of her own place in society, that she never took the least trouble to impress any body else with an idea of her conse-

quence; but her unaffected simplicity of dress, manner, and deportment, were the best credentials she could present to those accustomed to move in the same rank of life with herself. Adelaide and she understood each other at once: before their acquaintance had lasted half an hour, a casual observer would have supposed they had long been known to each other.

It was a most delightful night, the ship was smoothly cutting her rapid way before a fair wind, and as it passed, the rippling waters sparkled with the beams of the moon. Colonel Desmond, leaning carelessly over the side of the vessel, half sung, half hummed, this verse, translated from an ancient Irish song:—

The moon calmly sleeps on the ocean,
  And tinges each white bosom'd sail;
The bark, scarcely conscious of motion,
  Glides slowly before the soft gale.

How vain are the charms they discover,
My heart from its sorrows to draw!
Whilst memory carries me over
To *Ma cailin beog chruite nambo.*

Adelaide thought the sound of his well remembered voice "pleasant and mournful to the soul, like the memory of joys that are past;" and it was insensibly leading her into a train of ideas, which she was not sorry to have interrupted by general conversation. How much did she enjoy the delightful freshness of the night, and the enlivening sallies of her animated companions; they were, however, at length terminated by Mr. St. Orme complaining of the increasing chilliness of the air, and proposing that she and her fair companion should take refuge from it in the body of her barouche, which was on deck. There they passed the remainder of the night most comfortably; and, when the sun rose, Miss Wildenheim was very sorry to hear they

were entering the bay of Dublin, as she recollected her landing would put an end to the temporary release the packet had afforded her from the annoyances of the Webberly family.

CHAPTER XV.

To sail in unknown seas,
To land in countries hitherto unseen,
To breathe a fresh invigorating air:
———All this, I am convinced,
Will renovate me a second time,
To be what once I was.

LLOYD'S MYRHA.

BEFORE any of the other passengers came on deck, Mrs. St. Orme and Adelaide contrived to make their morning toilet quite *comme il faut*, and when it was finished, and their dressing-boxes were repacked, they drew up the blinds of the carriage, and beheld a most beautiful scene.

The sun was shining in all his brightness, and seemed to exult on beholding the fair isle, that, cheered by his smiles, was venturing to raise her lovely face

from beneath its misty veil, no longer fearful of beholding the dark visage of Night, who, sullenly retreating from his glorious foe, had turned his louring brow on other daughters of the sea. The hill of Howth rose proudly from the bosom of the deep; and whilst its rocky sides, from age to age, beheld unmoved the fury of the sounding surge, the pointed summits of the distant Wicklow mountains courted the beams of morn and the dews of evening, ere they descended to visit the plains beneath. The bold promontory of Bray rushed to meet the foaming waves; and by its side the beautiful bay of Killina retreated from their half spent rage; whilst in the distant sky a darkened line of smoke pointed out the site of the fine city of Dublin. "Dear Ireland!" exclaimed Mrs. St. Orme, whilst the tear of feeling and the smile of joy struggled for mastery in her beaming eyes—"Oh! only those who have pined for their native land beneath

a stranger sky, whose eye has been long unblessed by her loved face, whose ear has vainly paused to hear once again her kindly, though unpolished accents; who have held her—

'dear by every tie
Which binds us to our infancy,
By weeping Mem'ry's fondest claims,
By nature's holiest highest names;'

can feel their souls moved to sympathy at the sight of her children's emotions, when they at last behold her cherished soil." Poor Adelaide! she felt the current of life retire from her chilled heart, as it was oppressed by the sad thought, that no revered parent or beloved sister would receive her in the arms of affectionate love, when she landed on the smiling shore, that spread before her sight. She gazed on the countless dwellings, that met her view, with a bitterness of sorrow that was faithfully depicted in her speaking countenance. In every

mourner Mrs. St. Orme saw a friend; and understanding the nature of her companion's affliction, from a conversation she had the evening before with Colonel Desmond, she pressed her hand, saying in the kindest tones of benevolence, "You will find friends every where; in that hospitable land there are many warm hearts, to whom you will quickly be dear." The expression of Adelaide's gratitude, though mute, was eloquent, and she soon recovered herself sufficiently to answer, with apparent ease, the various inquiries put to her by Mr. St. Orme and Colonel Desmond, who now appeared to offer their services.

About nine o'clock all was again commotion in the ship; many a strange figure might have been seen in the cabins below. Here Mr. Webberly, doffing his white cotton nightcap, and reeling on the floor, was cut short in the ecstasy of a yawn, and of an outstretched arm, and balancing opposite leg, by a return of

the sickness, which had kept him below stairs all night, to Adelaide's great joy. There a fop was calmly settling his hat, so as to display the glossy curls, that were to appear below its edge, to the utmost advantage. Behind that white dimity curtain a lady is viewing herself in a pocket glass, and laments her bilious complexion ; but quickly comforts herself with the reflection, that she can wear a veil, and in a day or two she shall be ten times fairer than ever. One gentleman is damning the steward for suffering his sea store to be demolished, who appeases him by saying he will give him another hamper to ransack. There is the wag of a mail coach, continuing his jokes with a fat cook, whose tongue has seldom ceased since they left London, in the endeavour to persuade every one she met that she was a lady of great consequence, and who literally talked all night, to the edification of the people in the cabin with her. An odd looking man

is running about with a box of artificial flowers, tormenting every body, by asking if the custom-house officers will seize them ; and to every reply rejoining, "I'll just give them a trifle, just a trifle. Do you think they'll search my night sack?" Lastly, the English Abigails loudly declare they shall die ; and the Irish that they *will* die, whilst in the intervals of sickness they endeavour to quiet a set of squalling children.

When these motley groupes assembled on deck, it was agreed by most it would be much better to take boats to Dunleary, than to wait for the returning tide to land at the Pigeon House, which is the regular station appointed for the packets.

Adelaide now offered her arm to Mrs. Sullivan, who had just ascended the cabin stairs in a rueful condition. Her face was indeed the emblem of "green and yellow melancholy." Somebody had done her the favour to sit upon her hat, and had bent its white plume in every

direction; her habit was crumpled up in a thousand folds, and the queen of Otaheite herself could not have boasted of more feathers than adorned it in detached spots. Mr. Webberly, who accompanied his mother and sisters upon deck, as he looked at Adelaide's lovely face, blooming with the freshness of the sea air, said to himself, "Well, Miss Wildenheim must have his Majesty's patent in her pocket to be so beautiful, when all the other women look so bad. Sister Cilly is as ugly as old Mother Shipton this morning; and as for Meely, she's enough to frighten the crows. I wonder what business that Colonel Desmond has to talk to Miss Wildenheim so—he's too civil by half; I've a month's mind to tell him so; and how she does smile and show her white teeth at him. I see nothing so diverting about him, not I."

"Jack!" said his mother, interrupting his reverie, "Miss Wildenheim has dissuaded me to go in that 'ere boat;—

do get our band-boxes put in it. They say we mustn't take none of our trunks, neither one of the carriages. I suspect me they're playing tricks upon travellers; and if so be, I'll take the law of them as sure as my name's Hannah Silliwan. The ship may sail away with all our things afore ever we can send the constables after it.—They say the Irish are a sad set of rogues. I vish I vas safe back in Lunnon again."

The party were soon summoned to the boat, and quickly reached the pier of Dunleary in safety. This place is merely a fishing village, chiefly inhabited by those amphibious animals called bathing women, whose appearance renders their sex nearly as dubious as their occupation makes it difficult to decide whether they mostly inhabit the land or the water. A crowd of these strange looking creatures assembled about the newly arrived ladies. Adelaide involuntarily shrunk from one of them, whose complexion was at least

three shades darker than fashionable mahogany, who had but one furious black eye, and was of a stature that promised the power of carrying into execution the evil designs, which seemed painted in that eye. This woman's voice, when she spoke, was nearly as appalling as her aspect when silent; but yet she was perfectly harmless, and had never been known to injure any human being.—"Clear the way there, Moll Kelly! Don't you see you're putting the ladies all through other? Can't ye lend a hand to the spalpeen while you're doing nothing? Or do the t'other thing, and take yourself aff clane and clever?" said a good-natured looking man, who formed one of the crowd of idlers, who stood wrapped up in great coats (a hot day in June), with their backs propped against the pier, or the walls of the houses opposite to it. "It's myself that would be sore and sorry not to be agreeable to them. I just stepped down to take a

peep at their sweet faces, God bless them !" said she. Adelaide, shocked at the repugnance her countenance had involuntarily expressed to this unoffending mortal, made the *amende honorable* by slipping into her hand, as she passed close by, a piece of silver, accompanied by a smile of conciliation. "Och, its yourself that's the real quality ;—and did ye look on the like of me, jewel ?—I'm entirely obliged to your ladyship." A number of men now came up, saying, "I'll whip your honour up to Dublin in a crack." "Plase your honour, mine's the best going gingle on all the Black Rock road." "Arrah, hould your palaver, Barny," said a third; "didn't my Padderene mare beat the Bang-up coach to tatters the day Mr. Shorly broke his arm ; when the gingle, for no rason in life, upset? The Lord spare him to his childer, poor gintleman." Colonel Desmond now came forward to explain what this might mean—namely, that

there was no other conveyance to Dublin except the carriages he pointed out, which were sufficiently expeditious, and perfectly safe, if their drivers would not insist on running races with the stage coaches. Accordingly the party were stowed into these gingles, which more nearly resemble sociables in miniature than any other vehicle; but their backs, instead of being solid wood, are railed. They are totally uncushioned, and are drawn by one stout, though ill-conditioned horse. They soon struck into a very fine road, sufficiently broad to lead to a city twice the size of Dublin, on which numberless cars, carts, and carriages, of all descriptions, passed each other, without the smallest inconvenience, except from clouds of white dust, peculiarly distressing from the nature of the soil. The views on all sides were exquisite, combining the various beauties of marine and mountain scenery, ornamented with abundance of wood and an appearance

of high cultivation. The peculiarly vivid green of the grass justified to our travellers the appellation of "the emerald isle," which Ireland has long possessed. They saw at a distance many beautiful seats; but were not a little diverted by the names of the diminutive villas which rose close to the road. Three houses, built in a row, had in large letters on their walls, *Anne's Hill*, Many *Vale*, and Ballynacleigh. A house was perched on a little mount, glorying in three lilacs and a laburnum; on its gate was engraved *Val ombrosa*. Another, with half an acre of ground and a single row of trees before the door, was called Wood Park: and they observed more than one Frescati and Marino. The proprietor of one of these abodes did not consider his house sufficiently near the road, though within a stone's throw, therefore had erected a brick and mortar building, the size and shape of a sentry box, resting on the wall which divided his domain from the

road, so as to overhang it ; and at the moment the gingles drove past, he was enjo ing the delights of this "*happy rural seat of various view*," reading the newspapers in the moments he could spare from watching the company who drove by. Our travellers were much pleased with the regular and beautiful appearance of Dublin, as this entrance into it is not defaced by any mean hovels, the abode of squalid poverty, which are the too frequent preludes of many a magnificent capital. Entering at once into Bagot-street, which is handsome and well built, they drove through several fine streets and squares, caught a glimpse of some elegant public buildings, such as the college, the *ci-devant* parliament-house, and the rotunda, and at last stopped at Layton's hotel, in Sackville-street, which is inferior to few in London.

And oh ! the luxury of comfortable quiet rooms and beds, after being con-

demned to the turmoil of a Holyhead packet, and exposed to the dislocating powers of a Black Rock gingle! Our travellers retired at an early hour, to profit by these lately unknown comforts; and here, wishing them sound sleep and pleasant dreams, we bid them "good night."

CHAPTER XVI.

Ah ! si mon cœur osoit encore se renflammer !
Ne sentirai-je plus de charme qui m'arrête ?
Ai-je passé le temps d'aimer ?
La Fontaine.

When the ladies entered their breakfasting room the morning after their arrival in Dublin, they found it fragrant with the most delightful flowers; and the tables presented specimens of the finest fruits this city could boast of. Adelaide quickly recognized Colonel Desmond's habitual attention to the fair sex; whilst Mrs. Sullivan exclaimed, "A fine bill I'll varrant me for all these here kickshaws :—I'll ring for the waiter to take them away." Her hand was on the bell, when Cecilia stopped her, by declaring she could eat nothing but fruit. "Who would have dreamt of seeing hot-house

fruit in *Ireland!* Those flowers will keep me from fainting this hot day; don't send them away, mama:—unless I have every agrement you can procure me, I shan't be able to exist in the odious country you have dragged me over to." By this time Adelaide descried a note directed to herself on the breakfast table; the stalk of a *rose unique* was slipped into it, and on the outside was written in pencil, "Herself a fairer flower." She smiled at the gallant colonel's compliment, and found her note contained a polite *congé* from Mrs. St. Orme, who much regretted being obliged to leave Dublin at too early an hour to bid her adieu in person; but expressed a flattering wish, that an opportunity might occur for cultivating their further acquaintance. Adelaide, throwing down her note on the table as soon as she had read it, turned to examine the beautiful bouquets that adorned the flower stands; and every individual of the Webberly family took

the opportunity of making themselves *au fait* of its contents. Had they been caught in the fact, they would hardly have felt ashamed, for any thing short of a *letter*, their code of the laws of honour permitted them to peruse. "A *letter* they would not read for the world"— when any body was looking at them!

Breakfast was scarcely finished when Mrs. Sullivan's servant entered the room, to know if she was at home to Colonel Desmond and Mr. Donolan? An answer being given in the affirmative, they quickly made their appearance. Mr. Donolan was nephew by marriage to Colonel Desmond's elder brother; but though this connection made them sometimes associate together, they were as completely dissimilar in mind as they were in person. Mr. Donolan was, as Cecilia called him, "a very pretty man." His hand rivalled her own in whiteness; his hair was not less carefully cut, combed, and curled in the most becoming manner; and the

fair Cecilia might have worn his delicate pink waistcoat and worked shirt collar, as elegant and suitable accompaniments to her riding-habit, without the most scrutinizing eye discovering they had ever formed a part of male attire. This Hibernian Jessamy was the only child of a wealthy Catholic merchant of Dublin: the youth being too precious to be exposed to the hardships of a school, was nurtured at home by an obsequious tutor and a doting mother, in the most inordinate vanity. That vivacity of mind, with which nature usually endows his countrymen, fell to his lot also; and had it been properly directed, might have procured him well-earned fame; but unfortunately it only served as an impetus to his self-love, in a never-ceasing career of egotism, which made him prefer the casual "*succès de société*," to the lasting benefit to be derived from solitary study. The reward of scholarship was of too tedious attainment for this impatient genius,

who, without ceremony, dubbed himself a "*dilettante*," a title universally conceded to him by his Irish acquaintance, who took the liberty of quizzing him most unmercifully. Young Donolan did not fail to take advantage of the opportunity the general peace afforded for visiting the continent; he had there acquired a knowledge of the fine arts, which was just sufficient to enable him to interlard his conversation with those technical terms of connoisseurship, which, as "The Diversions of Purley" observe, commonly serve but as a veil to cover the ignorance of those who use them, and to privilege him to treat with sovereign contempt all the 'Aborigines of West Barbary,' as he most patriotically termed such of his countrymen and women, as had not redeemed the original sin of their birth, by at least a six week's visit to England or France. Mr. Donolan's manners corresponded to the double refined tone of his mind, (we are bound to apologize to

him for using this term, as it betrays his father's *ci-devant* trade of sugar-baking): he stood on the threshold of fashion, and finding he could never be admitted into the sanctuary of the *bona dea*, was content to copy from a distance those more conspicuous embellishments of the object of his adoration, which, being singled from the finer web on which they are originally engrafted by the mystery of art, become deformities when deprived of their connecting, though almost invisible thread; and, thus detached, start forward in unmeaning caricature. But so little was he conscious of his *outré* travesty "*du bel air*," that in the plenitude of his folly he had applied to himself Frederic the Great's description of the Prince de Salm: "Il est pétri de grâces; tous ses gestes sont d'une élégance recherchée; ses moindres paroles, des énigmes. Il discute et approfondit les bagatelles avec une dextérité infinie, et possède la caste de l'empire du ten-

dre, mieux que tous les Scuderi de l'univers*."

Mr. Donolan owed his introduction to our travellers to having accidentally met Colonel Desmond that morning at the Commercial Buildings in Dame-street, an elegant establishment, something of the nature of the Adelphi in London; and the place in the Irish capital where the wanderer is most likely to meet his acquaintances. In answer to some of Colonel Desmond's interrogatories, Mr. Donolan mentioned having just received a pressing invitation to visit Bogberry Hall, but that he was afraid it would not be in his power to visit Connaught this summer. "Certainly a journey there

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* He is saturated with graces! His every gesture is of refined elegance; his every word an enigma. He investigates and discusses trifles with infinite dexterity, and is more completely master of the etiquette of gallantry than all the Scuderies of the universe.

is a much more serious undertaking, than crossing the Alps was before we were indebted to Buonaparte for the Simplon road," replied Colonel Desmond laughing; "but you must some time or other be doomed to remain in this limbo for a short time. You had better encounter its apathetic powers now;—I am going to escort Mr. O'Sullivan's English connections to Ballinamoyle: perhaps they may enable you to support your penance with tolerable ease." "*Ah ma foi! maintenant c'est toute autre chose*, as the French say," replied Mr. Donolan: "I think I will visit my aunt. And you know," continued he, bowing to the exact angle which the upper part of the body of the most fashionable Parisian dancing-master forms with his lower, "more than one specimen of an accomplished gentleman will be necessary to convince the strangers, who have done our country the honour of visiting it, that there are some Irish not deserving the appellation of

Goths and Vandals." "Really, my good fellow, you do me too much honour," replied Colonel Desmond; "only your modesty could induce you to place me on a par with yourself." "*Point de tout, mon cher, point de tout!* You, like me, have had the advantage of travelling; nobody could suspect either of *us* of being Irish." Provoked by this last observation, Colonel Desmond, as they left the coffee-house, hummed the air of the song which begins thus:—

"When Jacky Bull sets out for France,
The gosling you discover;
When taught to ride, to fence, to dance,
The finish'd goose comes over,
With his tierce and his quarte ça, ça,
And his cotillon so smart, O la!
He charms each female heart, ha! ha!
When Jacky returns from Dover."

Perhaps the satirical expression of his countenance had not entirely passed away, when he introduced Mr. Felix Donolan to the ladies of the Webberly

party, as an "amateur and connoisseur of the fine arts, and an adept in chemistry, mineralogy, botany, and craniology." Colonel Desmond begged to know how he might be of use to the travellers, either as regarded their stay in Dublin, or their journey to Ballinamoyle, reminding Mrs. Sullivan of the permission she had granted him the day before, to escort her thither, and requesting her leave to constitute Mr. Donolan another knight-errant in the service of the fair itinerants.

Mr. Donolan's vanity acted in two ways regarding his country: it prompted him to use every *secret* endeavour to make it appear in the best point of view to strangers, whilst it led him to assert his own superior refinement by pretending to despise it. He recollected that Irish posting was famous and infamous, but that an English tourist of much celebrity had spoken in high terms of the packet-boats on the canals which lead to the interior; he therefore strongly ad-

vised Mrs. Sullivan to proceed as far as she could by this mode of conveyance. Colonel Desmond said in reply, "I don't think, Felix, that method of travelling has any thing to recommend it, except its extreme cheapness." The two words, *extreme cheapness*, conveyed an argument to Mrs. Sullivan's ear, that was not to be refuted by the powers of the most able logician; therefore it was agreed, that the next day but one they should proceed in the manner Mr. Donolan advised. It was also settled, that the mean time should be spent in seeing as much of Dublin as they could; and Colonel Desmond left them to procure the Provost's permission to show them the college of Dublin to the best advantage, by introducing them to such parts of the library, &c., as he only can admit strangers to see. The *dilettante* was highly delighted with the party. Mrs. Sullivan's cockney dialect he designated as "Anglicisms," and therefore much to be pre-

ferred to the most classical English, that could be conveyed to his ear, degraded by that peculiar accent of his country called the *brogue*. He was completely at a loss, whether most to admire Miss Cecilia Webberly's London airs, or Miss Wildenheim's foreign graces; and on leaving the room, said to himself, with the most affected tone and gesture imaginable,

> "How happy could I be with either,
> Were t'other dear charmer away!"

Colonel Desmond, on his return, found the ladies and Mr. Webberly prepared to attend him to the college, where they proceeded on foot. This building stands in front of a small park, called the college gardens, appropriated to the students, who are in number about five hundred. The college presents a handsome front, of the Corinthian order, constructed with Portland stone, forming the base of a place of triangular form, named College

Green, which, besides the edifice which designates it, boasts of the late beautiful Parliament House, that still continues to adorn the land it once benefited: *Stat magni nominis umbra.* The interior of Trinity College corresponds with its external elegance. The travellers visited the museum, the library, the chapel, the hall for examinations, and the provost's fine house and gardens. In the library they saw, with the compassion her name always excites, the hand-writing of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, in a Sallust she gave her son; and read, with unmixed horror, a letter of her great grandson, James the second, commanding the cruelties of the siege of Londonderry. Colonel Desmond did not fail to point out the exquisite botanical drawings of the celebrated Anna Maria Schurman, and Quin's bequest, which, besides many other bibliothecal rarities, is supposed to contain the finest copy of Virgil extant.

As the party passed through the col-

lege yard, they were much surprised at the extreme youth of some of the students, who seemed scarcely old enough to have reached the higher forms of a grammar school; and Colonel Desmond told them the remarkable fact, that a few years ago, two boys entered the college on the same day, one from the north of Ireland, of thirteen, the other from the south, of eleven years of age. The former had been, long before this period, fitted to enter on his academical course; but his father not being sufficiently rich to send him, he was, for a considerable time, usher at a grammar school, till a subscription was raised by the publication of his juvenile poems, which enabled him to enter Trinity college. After leaving the college, our party proceeded down Dame Street, so called from the monastery of St. Mary les Dames, founded in the year 1146, by Dermot M'Murrough, king of Leinster, which stood on this spot. Dame Street is the Bond Street of Dublin; and

here, at least, that want of crowds and equipages, so melancholy in many parts of that city, more especially at this season of the year, is not perceptible. The multitude of beggars has long formed a prominent feature in the aspect of the Irish capital; and from their mouths the traveller generally receives his first impression of the energy of language possessed by the lower Irish. No unaccustomed ear can listen without emotion to the awful words in which they clothe their benedictions. Were they of as moving power in Heaven, as on earth, they would be cheaply purchased by the alms of the passing stranger. Our party met with many such petitioners, whose prayers were proffered in words too solemn to be here transcribed. A woman, who called herself "The gentle Eliza," was recorded never to have asked in vain; she seemed once to have filled a higher station, for her figure was elegant, and her voice soft and musical, though a dejection, verging

on madness, was depicted in her countenance. She appealed first to the heart, and if there she knocked in vain, she successfully addressed the vanity of her hearers, in a strain of varied flattery. Her life was irreproachable, and her history unknown.

Adelaide's attention was soon however diverted from this interesting object, by another of a very different description. A squalid looking woman, in the garments of extreme poverty, was leading her child by the hand, whose spotless skin, as white as snow, and its clean neat clothes, formed a surprising contrast to the mother's tattered filthy habiliments. Some hasty passenger knocked the poor infant down.—Adelaide raised it up, and as she beheld the countenance of a cherub, exclaimed, " What a beautiful creature!" The starving mother's mouth had opened to demand her charity, but her maternal pride made her forget her misery. " Troth, she is a beautiful cratur; she's the joy of

my heart, and the light of my eyes; many's the long mile I've carried her, and thought it no toil; she makes me kindly welcome wherever I go; it was the Lord God sent her to me, an angel of comfort in my trouble: and may you never know trouble, dear; but my blessing, and the Lord's, be about you, when you get up, and when you lie down, and in your dying hour*." Adelaide felt her heart thrill within her, at this unpurchased benediction; she had scarcely given her all the silver in her purse, and less than she wished to bestow, when Colonel Desmond's sleeve was twitched by a venerable looking old gentleman, who begged to speak a word to him.—His countenance was uncommonly fine; he had

> "The eye which tells
> How much of mind within it dwells;"

his reverend temples were adorned with the most beautiful flowing silver locks;

* *Verbatim.*

his language and manners spoke the gentleman and the scholar; his threadbare coat alone told that he too was a mendicant! Colonel Desmond satisfied his usual demand of "Will you lend me a guinea?" without looking up to behold the blush that crimsoned his aged cheek; and with no other commentary than a deep sigh, rejoined his party.

This unfortunate man was of a respectable English family: in his youth he had embraced the clerical profession, and was one of the most eloquent preachers of his day; "persuasion hung upon his lips; but, as has been said of individuals of his sacred order, he served only as a finger-post, to point out to others the path he did not tread himself. His talents and his interest procured him considerable church preferment in Ireland, which his extravagance and bad conduct ere long deprived him of. After spending some years in a prison, he repaired to the Irish capital, to live from day to day by any

expedient that might occur. Here he partly supported himself, by being what is called in Ireland a "buckle-beggar," that is, a clergyman who solemnizes irregular marriages; partly by begging, under the pretence of borrowing, from any acquaintance he might happen to meet. He was now old and infirm, and would, five days out of six, have wanted a dinner, but that one of his former friends, who had, in better days, partaken of the charms of his wit at his hospitable board, most humanely requested him, in his decay of fortune and intellect, to share, at his table, a meal he could not otherwise have procured.

When the ladies were tired of their promenade, they returned towards their hotel. As Mr. Donolan took care of both the Miss Webberlys, Colonel Desmond could not do less than offer his arm to Mrs. Sullivan, Adelaide therefore was obliged to prefer the disagreeable necessity of accepting Mr. Webberly's,

to the more flattering prudery of declining it: thus honoured, he walked along in triumph, looking from side to side, to see who admired his lovely charge, and anticipating the moment when she would be wholly and solely his. The *dilettante*, as they passed under the admired portico of the House of Commons, took the delightful opportunity of expatiating on the "*cyma recta*," and "*cyma reversa*," in an architectural combat with Miss Webberly, in which she met his triglyphs and metopes, with toruses, astragals, and plinths; whilst Cecilia much enjoyed their loud talking, as it attracted the eyes of numerous gentlemen to herself, who seldom failed to pass some audible encomium on her beauty as they walked by. Mrs. Sullivan, mentally lamenting the expenditure she had, in the course of their walk, made in *charity*, feelingly inquired of Colonel Desmond, if there were no asylums allotted to the poor in Dublin? "I believe, my dear madam," replied he,

"no city, of the same size and wealth, is better provided with charitable establishments; but our poor have an unconquerable aversion to avail themselves of the relief thus afforded. As I went towards the Commercial Buildings this morning, I met a remarkably fine young man, who demanded alms; I remonstrated with him, and told him, what I supposed him ignorant of, that employment for every artisan in want was supplied at the House of Industry; he indignantly replied,—'It's myself that knows that right well! is it a dácent cratur, like me, you'd send to the House of Industry? Civil words eat no bread; and if you keep your charity, don't demane me by making a pauper of me!'"—Thus conversing, they reached the hotel.

Adelaide was not a little pleased to see Colonel Desmond and Mr. Donolan join their circle at dinner. In the evening they were entertained with a variety of itinerant musicians, whom the former

collected from all quarters of the town for their amusement.

Mrs. Sullivan's stay in Dublin was too short to admit of her party visiting more of its public buildings; but the following day they repaired to the fine botanical gardens in its neighbourhood; and ended their morning excursion by driving through the Phœnix Park.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAPTER XVII.

Pray now, the news?
You've made fair work, I fear me: pray, your news?

CORIOLANUS.

MRS. SULLIVAN had agreed to leave Dublin in that packet boat which proceeds westward, at nine o'clock in the morning, and which would take her party to the Canal Inn to sleep, the same night: they were to spend the second at some convenient resting place on the borders of Connaught, and early on the morning of the third day expected to reach Ballinamoyle.

Adelaide had employed herself the evening previous to their departure, in writing Mrs. Temple an account of all she had seen worthy of remark in the

Irish capital, not forgetting to make honourable mention of her friend Colonel Desmond. This letter was written in much better spirits than the one she had sent from Shrewsbury by Lamotte; and when it reached Mrs. Temple, she was as much gratified by observing this circumstance, as by the tone of affectionate gratitude towards herself and her husband, which pervaded it throughout.

At half past nine o'clock the bustle of leaving Dublin had completely subsided, and the party assembled on the deck of the packet boat had full leisure to view each other, and the surrounding country. As they passed slowly along, one fine seat after another presented itself to their eyes. The country being, hereabouts, principally laid out in parks, lawns, and plantations; that want of wood is not felt for the first twenty miles from Dublin, in this direction, which renders a large proportion of Ireland so desolate to an eye accustomed to woodland scenery. The

boat was towed along by two stout horses; but the poor animals were scarcely equal to the laborious task assigned them, and went sideling along in a manner most painful to a humane eye to see. They were driven by giddy boys, and some faint hearts on board quaked lest any accident should occur from their carelessness. Passing the locks is by no means a pleasant operation: you are shut up for a few minutes between massive stone walls, with a watery abyss beneath, which seems to threaten to swallow you up; and one or other of your fellow passengers is sure to take that opportunity of informing you, that a packet boat was once upset passing a lock, that every soul on board perished, by a variety of deaths, more or less horrible, according to the vivacity of the imagination which the relater may happen to possess. The bell which announces the arrival of the packet boat at the places appointed for changing horses, assembles every individual within reach of

its sound, who can accomplish reaching the spot ere its departure. Men, women, and children, of all descriptions, throng to gaze at the passengers, and inquire the news from Dublin. Here are to be seen the landlord, the physician, and the curate of the district, debating the politics of the day. Some passenger gives them the newspapers, or reads an extract from a pamphlet just come out, or relates rumours in direct contradiction to those they heard the day before, which however reign with unquestioned credit, till the next diurnal importation of lies reaches them, which banish, in turn, their ephemeral predecessors, and are themselves dispossessed of their authority by as short-lived usurpers.

Colonel Desmond, as our party passed along, pointed out every thing worthy of notice. He was an excellent *cicerone*, and there were few questions asked he could not satisfactorily answer. Mrs. Sullivan was much delighted with the good natured attention he paid her, partly

from his natural urbanity, partly from his regard for Adelaide, and for his deceased friend, whose widow and child he could not see without wishing to serve them.

Mrs. Sullivan, looking on him quite as a friend, made him the confidant of her suspicions regarding Miss Wildenheim's birth, which she had resolved to keep secret in Ireland, lest they should tempt her brother-in-law to bequeath any part of his fortune from Caroline. In answer to a long string of interrogatories, respecting her late husband's life abroad, Colonel Desmond laughingly replied, " I really can't affirm that poor Maurice was always immaculate, but he certainly was guiltless of the sin of giving birth to this angelic girl. And I must, as a friend, inform you, that his brother would more easily pardon his presenting to him a dozen such claimants to multiply his name, than you for taking a single letter from it: if you don't call your daughter Miss O - - Sullivan, she will never pos-

sess an acre of the Ballinamoyle estate, which, I assure you, is well worth having, though it should entail the ugliest name in the world." Mrs. Sullivan thanked him; and, profiting by the hint, there was such a practising of the most pathetic of interjections that day, that a stranger might have supposed, some half dozen of the party were in the last agonies; or that they were a set of strolling comedians, rehearsing for a tragedy, whereas they were only getting up the farce, which was to be played at Ballinamoyle.

The Miss Webberlys were as much pleased with Mr Donolan as their mother was with Colonel Desmond. He was the first gentleman they had ever associated with, in Adelaide's company, who did not prefer her to them. The *dilettante*, a few degrees higher than Mr. Webberly in the scale of intellect, appreciated Miss Wildenheim's merits sufficiently to dread the use she might make of her talents; he felt her superiority, though

he did not confess, even to himself, that he did so: it is true, she listened to him, when he spoke, with extreme politeness, but her replies betrayed no sister vanity, that encouraged him to display his own. Besides, she was better acquainted with the continent than himself, therefore he could not hope to astonish her by his relations of the wonders of foreign parts. He therefore transferred all his attentions to the Miss Webberlys, paying them the most exaggerated compliments, which they received as unblushingly as he bestowed. When he, for instance, called the one Venus and the other Minerva, Amelia said in reply, "Now, if Juno had but black hair, Miss Wildenheim there (pointing to Adelaide) would do for her; and then we'd be the three Graces!!!" Colonel Desmond having sufficiently paid his devoirs to Mrs. Sullivan, left her in earnest conversation with a woman, not more elegant in appearance than herself, who was entertaining her

with an enumeration of the titled guests she received at her house, whilst at every high sounding name Mrs. Sullivan's reverence, and her companion's consequence, visibly increased. Adelaide's friend, happy to be thus released, seated himself beside her, and entered into conversation immediately. Mr. Webberly, who had exhausted all the tender speeches he had conned for that morning, was standing near her in total silence:

> "His eye, in a fine stupor caught,
> Implied a plenteous lack of thought;
> And not one line his whole face seen in,
> That could be justly charg'd with meaning."

Notwithstanding he was so much displeased at Colonel Desmond's thus engrossing the object of his *speechless* passion, that, unable to bear the odious sight of his rival, he repaired to another part of the boat, to listen to some young Irishmen, who were canvassing the conduct of ministry with more warmth than wis-

dom. Colonel Desmond and Adelaide rapidly passed from one subject to another: in the course of their conversation he abruptly asked her what she thought of young Donolan? She blushed deeply, and he saw her meek brow bend to chide the arch smile that seemed to bid her lips pronounce words partaking of its own nature.—"Come, come," said he, as she hesitated to reply, "out with it Adel—Miss Wildenheim I mean: you were not always so prudent, but used to trust the friend of your infancy with the first thoughts that rose in your mind, without considering and reconsidering them; I am afraid your residence in England has made you very reserved." "Indeed you mistake me, Colonel Desmond," she replied: "the fact is, I am almost as much ashamed to acknowledge any inclination to satire to myself as to you. If I were once to give way to that propensity, I have so many provocatives to indulge it in my present companions,

I should never afterwards get rid of the habit; and no heart or understanding can long withstand the destroying powers of a love of ridicule. If you would permit me to parody Shakspeare, I would say that the spirit of personal satire 'Is indeed twice curs'd:' it often abashes the modesty of worth, and paralyses the energy of genius; but oh! how surely does it, with tenfold sterility, blast every generous feeling in the mind it inhabits—first destroying integrity, for no retailer of bon-mots and ludicrous narrations will long respect the rigid exactitude of truth; then the feelings of benevolence fall its sacrifice; and finally, it perverts the understanding, which, having exercised itself more willingly in detecting absurdity than in discovering truth, soon becomes incapable of relishing any serious reflection; and thus this fatal talent, like the flame which dazzles our eyes by its vivid lustre, ends by consuming the substance from which it derived its brilliancy."

"And pray, may I ask," said Colonel Desmond, with an arch, incredulous smile, "how happens it that your present theory and former practice differ so widely? You surely never could have suffered in your own person from the effects of satire; no understanding could be so inept, no heart so cold, as to aim at *you* the shafts of ridicule; to what cause am I indebted for this eloquent tirade?" "I have indeed," replied Adelaide, blushing no less at his encomiums than at the confession she was about to make, "suffered severely from the effects of satire: those 'Best can paint them who shall feel them most.' You may remember, that very early in life I was suffered to be present at those assemblies ofliterary characters, who used to meet in my happy home at Vienna." Here she sighed, and paused for an instant, then repressing the starting tear, continued, "Incapable of appreciating their merit, or understanding their conver-

sation, I was fully alive to the peculiarities of their manners, so different from the model of refined elegance I had daily before my eyes. Somehow the frank *étourderie* of my remarks amused; and the smiling pardon, that was granted to the folly of a mere child, I mistook for an applause bestowed on wit. My first sallies proceeded from the gaiety of a guileless heart, accustomed to express every idea as it rose to the most indulgent parent and partial friend; but, as I grew older, a *besoin de briller* seized me, and I was on the point of becoming one of that despicable class, who, while they importune the goodness of Heaven for their daily bread, apply no less earnestly to the weaknesses of their best friends for their daily sarcasm, and rejoice more on finding one foible than ninety-nine good qualities; when my enlightened monitor awakened me to a sense of my danger. And now may I pronounce you *au fait*

of the cause to which you are indebted for my 'eloquent tirade' against satire?"

"If you don't convince," said Colonel Desmond, "you at least persuade: but, you know, there is no general rule without exception; so do be ill-natured for once, and let me know what you were thinking of Felix, when I detected those tell-tale smiles." "Well then," said she, "since I must satisfy you, I will at least only be satirical at second-hand, and answer you in the words of Mondon,

Adolescent qui s'érige en barbon,
Jeune écolier qui vous parle en Caton,
Est en mon sens un animal bernable:
Et j'aime mieux l'air fou, que l'air capable;
Il est trop fat.*

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* ———————————I despise
A beardless censor, that with Cato's frown,
Assumes the pedant in a scholar's gown:
Mere vacant folly, void of all pretence,
Is sure less hateful than affected sense;
He is too vain.

"*A propos des fous*," replied Colonel Desmond, taking advantage of that language in which so much can be conveyed to the mind without shocking the ear, "*ce Monsieur la*," looking towards Mr. Webberly, "*est amoureux—cela ce peut bien; mais Mademoiselle est elle amoureuse?*" "*Ah! Dieu l'en garde!*"* exclaimed Adelaide, with unfeigned horror, involuntarily raising her hands, lowering her brows, and throwing back her head. "*Tant mieux!* then I will act the part of Wall in this new tragi-comedy of Pyramus and Thisbe; Pyramus shall truly say, '*O! wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss*,' and will perhaps find our entertainment '*Very tragical mirth*.'" Colonel Desmond faithfully kept the promise thus conveyed; and, when present, completely shielded Adelaide from Mr.

* "A propos to fools; that gentleman is in love —that is not very surprising; but is the fair lady equally enamoured?"

"Oh! Heaven forbid!"

Webberly's conceited love, and thus saved her the trouble of standing on the defensive herself. And though the captivating youth would willingly have sent his rival, like the pious Æneas, to visit his father in the realms below; yet such was the unwilling respect that rival's manners extorted, that he never presumed openly to manifest his real sentiments. All this time Caroline had been sitting at Adelaide's feet on one of the small packages, dressing and undressing a huge wax doll, which was her usual travelling companion, and occasionally reading to it the "Memoirs of Dick the Pony," which her indulgent friend had bought for her in Dublin. Colonel Desmond was delightedly listening to her gay laugh, and watching her infantine merriment, when her mother called her over, in order to display her beauty to the obsequious acquaintance she was so much pleased with, who had been profuse in Caroline's praise. As the little girl skipped

along, with the favourite doll closely pressed to her innocent heart by one hand, and the open book in the other, her eyes dancing with delight at the thoughts of Dick's adventures, he said to Miss Wildenheim, "I am surprised to see how little Mrs. Sullivan notices that charming child; every body but you seems to treat her with absolute unkindness." "I assure you," replied she, "you do Mrs. Sullivan great injustice; she does not behave *unkindly* to Caroline, though certainly she is not too prodigal of her caresses to the dear infant. I have heard this indifference is not uncommon towards the offspring of second marriages. I really believe some people's affections are of the oyster kind, sticking through life to the spot they were first deposited on, without ever having exercised the smallest volition in the affair." "I beg," said he, laughing, "that when you undertake to give my character in short hand, you will recollect that 'No heart

or understanding can long withstand the destroying powers of a love of ridicule.' "

"Thank you for the memento," she replied, with one of her sweetest smiles; "the habit I deprecate gains strength but too quickly."

Colonel Desmond now pointed out to Adelaide's notice the hill of Allen, from whence the bog so called takes its appellation. The English name of "Isle of Allen" is only a corruption of the Irish *Hy alain*, that is, the district of the great plain country. This bog contains three hundred thousand acres, extending through parts of the King's and Queen's counties, and those of Kildare, Meath, Westmeath, Roscommon, Galway, and Tipperary. The hill of Allen, according to the traditions of the country, is the scene of action of Ossian's poem of Temora. On the south declivity of the hill is said to be the cave where Oscar's body was laid immediately after his death, over which his faithful dog Bran watched, as so

beautifully described by the poet. A few feet from the front of the cave is a well, sacred to his manes, which is still much frequented by pilgrims: on the same declivity is the tomb of the hero, marked by one gray stone: through the valley below runs the rivulet, near which the battle was fought in which he lost his life; and to the west of the cave is seen the extensive plain of Molena, in the King's county, from which rises the ancient Cromla, now called Croan Hill. Colonel Desmond produced a beautiful edition of Ossian he had bought for his niece Miss Desmond, and reading parts of Temora, pointed out these coincidencies to Adelaide; who, when he had done, begged to look at the volume, and happening to turn to the episode of Oithona, read the following passage with no common interest: " *Why camest thou over the dark blue waves to Nuath's mournful daughter? Why did I not pass away in secret, like the*

flower of the rock, that lifts its fair head unseen, and strews its withered leaves on the blast?" As he marked the altered hue and mournful expression of her angelic countenance, he accused himself of cruel thoughtlessness in having raised painful associations in her mind; now recollecting, that though Baron Wildenheim never spoke the language, yet he was well acquainted with English literature, and that Ossian was his favourite poet, whose sombre images peculiarly accorded with the dark melancholy that seemed to overshadow his soul. "Happy the man," thought Desmond, as he gazed on Adelaide, "who shall dry the tears I see from time to time rise in those beautiful eyes! How different is she now from what she was at Vienna! Then her brilliant charms dazzled the eye and the mind; but though her youthful bloom and her playful vivacity seem to have been laid in her father's grave, yet she is more lovely than ever:

she is, as Ossian says in the poem she has now turned to, 'Like a spirit of Heaven half-folded in the skirt of a cloud.'"

A summons to dinner now assembled together below all the front cabin passengers, and there was collected together such a groupe as none of the young ladies had ever before seen, but which is to be met with at any stage-coach dinner. Mrs. Sullivan and her new friend laboured to outvie each other in airs of consequence, whilst some would-be beaux put their gallantry on active service, to be overpoweringly civil to the ladies in general, and to Cecilia Webberly and Miss Wildenheim in particular. One little smirking man was peculiarly sweet upon Adelaide, watching each word she spoke, and helping her to every thing she even looked near. When she first applied to Colonel Desmond, who sat next her, for the salt cellar, her inamorato seized the only one within reach, and presenting it to her, said with a facetious grin, as he

leaned across Desmond with his chin projecting six inches out of his well-tied cravat, "Excuse me for not helping you to it, Miss; it's the only service you could require I would not with all the pleasure in life perform, but should be loath for us to quarrel; they say salt is very unlucky in parting friends." At the moment in which she bowed her thanks to this dapper wight, a very tall man stood up to help himself to something at the extreme end of the table from that where he was placed: somehow his foot slipped, he reeled a few paces back, and, in his retreat, effectually stopped Mrs. Sullivan's mouth with his elbow, who had just opened it to its utmost extension, in the endeavour to raise her dignity to a par with that of her companion, who the instant before asserted "She had every thing in the highest style at her house, and hoped to have the pleasure of seeing her there soon;" her auditor, in emulation, was just proceeding to vaunt the

glories of Webberly House, when the thread of her discourse was broken off in the unexpected manner just mentioned.

The moment the cloth was removed, the ladies made their escape from the cabin, Mrs. Sullivan exclaiming, "My ocular faculties can't stand the smell of the hung beef, and the cabbage, and the mutton, and the blacking, not to disparage the gentlemen's boots; and except that fat lady in the yellow poplin pelisse and blue satin bonnet, they are all such low-lived people as I never see'd before in my born days." Her "ocular faculties," (by which we rather suppose she meant the "olfactory nerves," which Miss Webberly had remarked to the *dilettante* at dinner "were much offended by the hydrogen and ammonia emitted from the viands," in order to tally with his scientific recommendation of "carbonic acid gas, in the shape of bottled porter,") were, however, not much better off above than below. The smoke of the

fire by which the dinner had been dressed filled all the deck; the servants were at their meal in the second cabin, from whence proceeded another edition of the beef and cabbage, et cetera, with the addition of the fumes of tobacco and whisky punch. Adelaide's admirer presently appeared on deck, bearing a great jug in one hand and a glass in the other: he addressed her saying, "I have brought you some real ladies' punch, sweet to your heart's content, and strong enough by Jasus to make any man in the packet drunk, if he would only take enough of it." In vain Adelaide declined the cup her Ganymede presented. "Don't be dashed," reiterated he; "it won't do you a ha'porth of harm: a good beginning makes a good ending. If you'll only set the example, I'll be bound to say all the ladies will keep you in countenance. It's the true Inisowen, I'll take my Davy it is?" "The true Inisowen" is a sort of smoked whisky, whose smell is the

most horridly sickening thing that can be fancied to those unaccustomed to it. Adelaide found it quite overcoming, but luckily espying Colonel Desmond ascending the ladder signed to him to come to her relief, and when he obeyed, said, "Will you have the goodness to assure this polite gentleman, I am no lover of ladies' punch?" so saying, she removed to another part of the deck, to escape the odour of the "true Inisowen." The disappointed youth retreated on Colonel Desmond's remonstrance, saying, "No offence I hope, sir, to you nor the lady neither:" and, as he went down below, muttered, "With all her delicate airs, by my conscience if she was behind the cabin door she'd take a *good* swig of it."

The travellers had now fairly entered on the dreary bog of Allen. No human form or habitation met their sight. Its only vegetable productions were a little heath, sedgy grass, or bog myrtle, which were crossed here and there by a half-

starved cow or sheep; but they sometimes proceeded miles without even seeing one of these, to remind them that the world contained other living beings besides those in the boat. The road seemed to shake as the horses passed over this

> "Boggy Syrtis, neither sea
> Nor good dry land;"

and they almost feared that the breaking of the thin stratum of earth, that seemed to separate the waters above from the waters below, might precipitate them

> "Into this wild abyss,
> The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave,
> Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
> But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
> Confusedly———"

Their passage through this dismal region seemed intolerably slow, as no object marked their progress, but one unbroken sea of black lifeless matter en-

compassed them on every side, from which the eye perceived no escape. When the sun set, the heavens, like the earth, seemed dark and uninhabited ; no cloud travelled over its gloomy face, but one even fall of misling rain made the aspect of the ethereal regions as unvaried as that of the land they overhung. The passengers long looked in vain to leave this abode of desolation,—

> "Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
> Seem length'ning as you go."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Lights! more lights! more lights!
TIMON OF ATHENS.

THESE words were a joyful sound to our travellers, as with delighted steps they once more trod on terra firma, on their way to the door of the Canal Inn, where stood a slatternly dressed woman, shading a miserable candle with her hand (in default of a lantern.) It was pitch dark, more from the cloudiness of the night than the lateness of the hour: and a considerable time elapsed before the vociferous demand for lights was answered. In the mean time a universal uproar arose between the passengers, the people belonging to the boat and the inn, and those assembled to be listeners, for they could not be called spectators

in the total darkness. Portmanteaux, trunks, bags, bundles, and bandboxes, were missent and scuffled for without end. At last " Order, Heaven's first law," and the prime cheerer Light, "of all material beings first and best," made their appearance together, and the Webberly party entered this cold comfortless inn. It had been built by an English speculator, who ruined himself in the project, and remains very nearly as he left it, the walls unpapered, the floors uncarpeted; the only change it has undergone since he was its proprietor being the breaking of the bell-wires and the spoiling of the locks. Two or three women serve in the double capacity of chambermaids and waiters. Each room shows that it once had a bell; but you are soon fatally convinced, that, to procure any thing you want, you must trust to vocal exertions alone. To the never-ceasing cry of " Waiter! Chambermaid!" the answer is something similar

to the following, which assailed our travellers' ears soon after their entrance:—"Arrah an't I go—ing? sure I'm going! Sweet Jasus presarve me! I can't answer all the quality at oncest. Molly here, and Molly there, and Molly every where; my brain's moidered, so it is. Och! Mollying on ye, an't I going?" Mrs. Sullivan's servant, provoked at this harangue, thundered out, "You're always go—in;—I don't want you to go; can't you *come* for once and be damned to you?"

At last, after considerable delay, Molly procured our chilled party a turf fire and tea; but the water it was made with was so smoked, they could hardly taste it, and their patience underwent a second trial, waiting for a fresh supply. As Molly left the room, after bringing them this second edition, she muttered to herself, "A pretty lady that, with the brown peepers, and soft spoken too; if it wasn't for her, the devil a foot I'd go near one

of them to-night. By the holy sticks, my mistress must get another maid. I can't be at every one's becks and commands; and then it's the worst word in their cheek after all."

Our weary party retired to their rooms as soon as they could accomplish having their apartments prepared, and had just fallen into a sound sleep when they were roused by a violent ringing of an immense bell. "Oh Lord have mercy on me!" shuddered out Mrs. Sullivan: "I thought we should have foundered in that 'ere melancholic bog, but now we're a going to perish by fire." A general rencontre in night-caps and dressing-gowns took place in the lobby. Again Molly's shrill voice was heard screaming out, "What a botheration you all keep! be aff to your beds wid ye. Might'n ye be after knowing it was only the up country boat coming in?" Molly's advice was immediately followed; but it was long before the house was quieted

from the disturbance occasioned by the fresh arrival. Two hours after another boat came in with equal commotion, and the inn was but a short time silent from this new disturbance, when the warning bell rung for the packet to proceed, in which the Webberly family had come from Dublin. Many a female started up on hearing Boots enter her room by mistake, for that of some male passenger he had promised to call; and he as quickly retreated over the frail barricade of boxes and chairs she had placed against the door, to supply the place of key or bolt. To sleep was now impossible, therefore all our party got up: though Mrs. Sullivan the evening before had declared, she wouldn't go in a canal boat again not for St. Peter nor St. Paul. The Irish are perhaps the most noisy people in the world; the din of tongues on such occasions as the present, can better be fancied than described—every man committing his own business to the

charge of some other person, and turning his particular attention to directing that of his neighbour.

The gentlemen, on looking out of the windows, saw many a comical figure issue from the house, some in Welsh wigs, some in red night-caps. Mrs. Sullivan's friend, of the blue satin hat and yellow poplin pelisse, now showed her jolly face, decked with numerous papillotes from beneath a fur cap, and her expansive shoulders wrapped in a scarlet cloak, her finery in her hand, as she had but a few miles to go ere she reached home.

Molly returned to her general good humour this morning, having few guests to attend to besides Mrs. Sullivan's family; and, to make up for her ill temper the night before, was particularly attentive, providing them with unsmoked water for their tea, and with bread, butter, eggs, and cream, of the best quality. They did not fail to profit by her care;

and having made an excellent repast, prepared to recommence their journey. Mrs. O'Sullivan, as she now called herself, offered Colonel Desmond and Mr. Donolan seats in her carriages, which had arrived that morning from Dublin, from whence they had been sent two days before. These two gentleman accepting this accommodation, Caroline was consigned to the care of the maids, to make room for the dilettante in the barouche, Colonel Desmond taking the place of the servant on the driving seat.

Mrs. O'Sullivan vainly attempted to practise towards the lower Irish the "genteel economy" she had so successfully carried into effect in Wales. The dexterous Hibernians, either by flattering or wounding her pride, contrived to draw forth, *bon gré mal gré*, the money out of her pockets. As she was walking out of the Canal Inn, Molly ran after her, saying, "May I make bould to spake a word to your Ladyship?" At the word

Ladyship, Mrs. Sullivan turned round. "You've made a small mistake, madam; it was tree tirteens (three shillings) you intended to bestow me, and its tree testers (three sixpences) I've got." "No mistake at all, my good girl." "Och! put your hand in your purse, and you'll see I'm right. Grand quality like you always gives me tree tirteens: my Lady Glenora always bestows it me every time she comes forenenst me." "Are you sure that's true?" "Arrah where did you ever hear that Molly Cavanagh tould a lie? May the breakfast I'm after eating be my poison, and the devil blow me, if it isn't as right as my leg." Mrs. Sullivan, that she might exceed Lady Glenora, gave her three and sixpence. Molly now tapped Adelaide on the shoulder, and presented her with a beautiful nosegay she had pulled from the inn gardens; but when she saw her proceeding to open her purse, laying her hand on her arm, she stopped her, saying with a

half reproachful look of sorrow, "Is it *you* that's going to affront poor Molly? You're under no compliment to me at all at all. You gave me entirely too much before. I'll warrant me you're a grand lady when you're at home. You're as beautiful and as sweet as the posy yourself; and may your pretty brown eyes never look but on a friend, I pray God!" Adelaide, with one of her most charming smiles, and in the sweetest tone of her dulcet voice, thanked Molly for her good will; and as she stepped into the carriage thought to herself, "How my heart would ache, to see the kindness of these warm-hearted people treated with the scorn I fear is too often the only return it meets!" Colonel Desmond, directing the drivers to take that road which would most quickly lead them out of the bog of Allen, in a short time they got into a rich and beautiful country, and their ears were gratified by hearing the carriage wheels rattle against good hard

stones. They had not long proceeded on this road, when their progress was impeded by a barricade of cars drawn across it, and a number of men immediately surrounded the carriages. Mrs. Sullivan, terrified to death, said in a very low voice, "They're going to rob and murder us;—what horrid looking creturs they be!" "They can have no such intention in broad day-light, my dear madam," whispered Adelaide. "Do look at them again; I assure you they seem perfectly good natured." One of the men, hat in hand, now stepped before the rest, saying, "Mending roads is dry work, your honours, this hot day; be pleased to give the poor boys something to drink." Shillings and sixpences were thrown to them in profusion. "Success to your cattle and carriage! Long life and a happy death to your honours!" resounded from all sides; and when the cars were removed, the hurraing setting the horses off in a full gallop, it was some time be-

fore the drivers could restrain them to a proper pace. About half an hour after this adventure, a stout but strange looking man, without stockings or shoes, though otherwise well clad, darted out of a house at the side of the road, and, without uttering a single syllable, ran beside the carriage for some miles. Mrs. Sullivan was again alarmed, supposing him to be the scout of robbers she expected to see start up from behind every stone or turf fence. Her fears were quieted by being told he was what in Ireland is called "an innocent;" that is, a *knave* too idle to labour, who lives—not by his wits—but by pretending he has none. The profession of *idiotism* is one that always secures its followers a good maintenance in this country, and is considered by no means disreputable. Some one of this brotherhood frequents almost every high road, keeping up in this manner with the mail coaches and other carriages, till his strength, which appears

miraculous, is exhausted, or till his extended hat has received money sufficient to satisfy him.

All the rest of the day the cavalcade proceeded most prosperously, through a rich and populous country, seeing ugly or pretty towns, and stopping at good or bad inns. At one of their earliest stages, Mrs. Sullivan was much provoked to recognize in the landlady her packet-boat friend, who asked her, with a self-conceited simper, if she had said a word too much for her house. In the course of the evening they entered Connaught, when the scenery gradually became more wild and romantic, with bold masses of rock, and beautiful sheets of water, called in the country loughs.

Mr. Donolan did not fail to profit by the opportunity, which being shut up in the carriage with Cecilia Webberly afforded him, of making the most sentimental love to her that was possible; though he was far from sure he should

find it expedient to proceed further than fine speeches, for he felt nothing bordering on attachment to her. Perhaps his heart was enveloped in too many silken folds of vanity and self-love, for the charms of any woman to touch it with real affection; but a confused idea floated in his mind, that, by marrying her, he might be enabled to reside in England sooner than he otherwise could accomplish. Of her large fortune he was perfectly assured; he thought her very handsome, supposed her equally fashionable, and therefore determined, in the first instance, to endeavour to gain her affections, leaving his own decisions to futurity. She, on her part, thinking a lover might prove a very agreeable resource against the *ennui* she anticipated at Ballinamoyle, encouraged his attentions *pro tempore*, resolving, should they ever meet in England, to "cut him:—he knew nobody in London, therefore could be a man of no fashion." Thus this heartless pair mutu-

ally imposed on each other, whilst they plumed themselves on being the sole deceiver. Miss Webberly, on the contrary, began seriously to think "he would make a charming husband—so scientific! so agreeable!" Cecilia, suspecting her incipient partiality, for the sake of what she called fun, flirted incessantly with the *dilettante*, and retailed to Amelia all his florid compliments, which conduct made her sister still more envious of her beauty than ordinary.

Mr. Webberly and his companion in the barouche seat had but little conversation, though their thoughts were principally occupied by the same object. The taciturnity of the former, however, was enlivened by the idea of his fellow-traveller being thus effectually separated from Adelaide, during the greater part of their remaining journey. At the end of every stage there was a race between them, to hand Miss Wildenheim out of the carriage, where she generally sat

bodkin between Mrs. Sullivan and Amelia, in order to avoid receiving that sign manual of Mr. Webberly's attention he had so graciously bestowed in Wales, and which was as little approved by his mother as coveted by herself. Colonel Desmond, being much more active and adroit than his youthful but unwieldy competitor, almost always gained the fair hand they contended for, at the same time giving his lovely mistress many an arch look and gesture of affected pity for his rival's disappointment. Sometimes they pulled open both the carriage doors at the same instant; in that case Mrs. O'Sullivan or her daughter pushed herself forward, so as to prevent her exit at the side on which their precious relative stood; and Adelaide's countenance then involuntarily betrayed how much she was amused at the unnecessary trouble they put themselves to.

Mrs. O'Sullivan being rather fatigued

with her journey, was much rejoiced, when about seven in the evening she was informed they were entering the village of Ballycoolen, which was to be their resting place for the night. This miserable place consists of but one long straggling street, with houses built of all shapes and in all directions, forming, with each other, every possible angle, except a right angle, a straight line seeming to have formed no part of the builder's intentions.

Mrs. O'Sullivan's servant had been sent on before, to prepare their accommodation: he was standing at the door of a wretched tenement; and though by no means a very tall man, his hat touched the upper window, for the house was so built that you descended a few steps to enter it. The still despair of an English face was expressed in his, as with the utmost quietness he said to his mistress, "It is impossible, ma'am, you can put up here; you never saw such a slovenly place

in your life." "I am sorry to say," replied Colonel Desmond, in answer to her interrogatories, "there is no better between this and Ballinamoyle: you may remember, I told you, the canal would take you out of the direction of the high road, and that you would be very miserably accommodated; you will now have to put up with a carman's inn."

There was no option; therefore the ladies entered through a kitchen, which also served as bar and larder. A set of carmen were sitting drinking whisky punch and smoking tobacco (the same pipe passed from one mouth to another in turn); they very civilly rose, and went out, till the newly arrived and unusual guests should make their arrangements. The ladies were shown into a parlour, where a pretty looking, but bare legged and bare footed girl, was turning up a press bed, that had remained untouched since the last occupier had slept in it. They agreed to walk out till this place

should be swept, and get "a wipe," as the maid called dusting it, previously pushing up the window sash with some difficulty, as the paint stuck together, from the length of time it had been unopened. To the inquiry for beds, she answered, "Troth, we've four brave good beds; and ye'z can have dry lodging at Susy Gologhan's, or Gracy Fagan's, over the way, there beyant, for the sarvant maids and the boys." Mrs. Sullivan declined ascending to the second story, when she saw the house had no regular stairs, but that merely a sort of ladder, without any thing to serve as bannister, led to the loft above. The Miss Weberlys declaring once going up would be enough for them, requested Adelaide to reconnoitre the premises. "You know, Miss Wildenheim," said Amelia, "you're used to travelling in outlandish places; and an't afraid of nothing.—I think I'll sit up all night, rather than mount the ladder, and walk along that unrailed pas-

sage." Adelaide, quickly ascending the redoubtable ladder, opened a door the maid pointed to, which led into a small close room, with two beds.—It was lighted by three little panes of glass fastened in the wall, but looking up, she saw a large door with one hinge broken, laid against an aperture in the roof, which she determined to turn to account, and begged it might be set open to admit fresh air into the apartment. "Have you not another room?" said she. "Aye, sure, and that we have, dear," replied the maid, leading her along the passage. They went into a second, rather closer and smaller than the first, with no friendly hole in the roof, to admit the breath of heaven to visit it. Adelaide, looking on the bedstead, perceived the bed clothes move, and, out of a mass of black hair, saw two dark eyes shoot fire at her. "Pray, what's that?" said she, catching hold of her attendant's arm. "Och! it's only the poor soldier, Miss, just come

back to his people, from the big battles over seas; but he'll give his bed to you, with all the pleasure in life, if you fancy it, Miss."—"Not on any account," quietly replied Adelaide, as she quickly retreated to the passage—"I should be very sorry to disturb him. Mrs. O'Sullivan will sleep below stairs; and we young ladies can occupy the double-bedded room: will you have the goodness to show me your sheets?" These she was surprised to find not only white, but fine, forgetting that linen was the staple manufacture of the country, though but lately introduced into this district.

This affair being settled, she joined the party in a walk; and, on their return, they found their little parlour laid out tolerably comfortably for tea; the kitchen, through which they had to pass, was swept clean; all traces of the carmen, their punch, and tobacco, had disappeared; and they might, by diverting themselves with the oddity of their situation, have found

amusement for the evening, had not the Webberly family, encouraged by the *dilettante*, made, every five minutes, some acrimonious speech against the country and its inhabitants, which rendered themselves inclined to find every thing even more uncomfortable than it really was. Adelaide was pained by the rudeness of this conduct to Colonel Desmond, who, however, treated it as it deserved, and quizzing them all from right to left, his raillery soon silenced Felix and Amelia, who had sense enough to understand his ridicule. Tea was scarcely over, when the most extraordinary uproar was heard. Every man, woman, and child in the village seemed to have assembled about the house, all talking in the most vehement manner!

The gentlemen, much alarmed, went out to inquire "what was the matter?" and beheld two men, sawing across the wood-work of the upper part of the gateway belonging to the inn yard, which

was too low to admit Mrs. O'Sullivan's carriages. As usual, when any thing is done out of doors in Ireland, every person within *ken* had repaired to the scene of action. Two out of three were giving contradictory directions, whilst the operators were swearing tremendously at the crowd, bidding them "go along about their business." "Hard for us to do that same!" answered one, in the name of the rest, "when sarra hand's turn of business we're got to our kin or kin kind, till shearing time comes, barring sitting in the chimney corner doing nothing." Messieurs Webberly and Donolan took this inauspicious moment to rate at the men who were sawing the gateway, expressing, in no very gentle terms, their dissatisfaction with the inn, and all its appurtenances. The men suspended their operations; and one of them, crossing his arms, his head on one side, and his chin stuck out with a gesture of contempt, said, in a drawling tone, as he looked

down on them, from the top of the gateway, "Och! then, and it's grander quality than ever ye were have been here, and never gave me no bother at all at all! Upon my sowl, myself is cruel misgiving ye are but half sirs, both of ye'z. It's long before you'd see the Curnel, that's the real sort, (long life to his honour,) take on him so! If ye don't like the place, in the name of the Lord, make aff wid ye'z: if ye can't be agreeable, by the powers, we'd rather have your room nor your company."—"But where would ye see the likes of the Curnel any how?" rejoined a female orator of the assembly. "Sarra man, within twenty miles of himself, that's the fellow of his brother, for standing a poor man's friend on a pinch! It's the family that have been good to me and mine, these hundred year before I was born, and will be after I'm dead, if I've any luck."

The greater part of these harangues was unintelligible to Mr. Webberly, but

the *dilettante* understanding the dialect of the country, though he often pretended he did not, as in the present instance, took his companion's arm, and, without proffering another syllable, walked into the house.

In nothing do the lower Irish show their quickness of apprehension more decidedly, than in distinguishing, as it were at a glance, what they call "the real quality," that is, those who inherit a certain station in society, from "*les nouveaux riches*." Their exact discrimination on this subject is quite astonishing. Mrs. O'Sullivan could not perhaps have visited ten cottages in Ireland, whose inmates would not, in a few minutes, have discovered she was a low bred woman, who attempted to give herself airs of consequence. During her stay in this country, this foible was every where perceived, and profited by. The adroit flattery she received, on this favourite point, perhaps drew more money from her than

she had ever before, in a given space of time, spent gratuitously, either from motives of charity or of generosity. The cunning arts, that opened her purse, were, undoubtedly, highly reprehensible in a moral point of view. But why should we expect more upright disinterestedness from the ignorant and necessitous class of mankind, than we hourly meet with from the *independent* members of the upper ranks of society, who will delude a king or an emperor, with as little compunction as the poor Irish cottager cheated Mrs. O'Sullivan? In the latter instance, however, the mischief began and ended with the parties concerned; whilst in the former, generations yet unborn may mourn the evils resulting from base adulation.

As all the party assembled in the inn parlour were, with the exception of Adelaide and the merry little Caroline, out of temper, they, by a sort of tacit agreement, separated at an early hour. The parlour was then converted into a sleeping room, for

Mrs. O'Sullivan and Caroline, a bed being constructed for the latter with the carriage cushions, and a contribution of pillows. When the Miss Webberlys ascended the ladder leading to their apartment, the maid of the house went before, and the mistress behind, to help them up; the former holding a candle, stuck into a hole scooped out of a large potato, all the candlesticks the inn was possessed of, three in number, being appropriated to the use of the ladies. Adelaide had reserved the worst looking bed to herself, and was scarcely deposited in it, when down she sunk, and a more romantic imagination might have supposed some such adventure was going to occur, as was said frequently to have happened in a remote *auberge* in the Black Forest, where travellers were drawn down through trap doors, and murdered. But she was only alarmed by the dread of the less heroic death of being knocked on the head by the bed posts. Springing up

with the utmost expedition, she found, to her great delight, that the bedstead was perfectly secure; but, proceeding in her search as to the cause of her recent disaster, discovered that the sacking, which ought to have been laced to support the bed, had been deprived of its cord, in order to apply it to some other use. It never was, and, most likely, never will be replaced; but the bed, being dexterously poised on the edge of the boards which connect the posts, will give the same surprise to every one who sleeps in it, for many a year to come. After no little laughter, Adelaide went into bed again, just as it was; and the inn being perfectly quiet, all its visitants slept till a late hour the following morning. After breakfast they recommenced their journey; and as they repaired to the carriages, their attention was attracted, by hearing the woman who had been so warm in praise of the Desmond family the evening before, say to her friend

(carrying a basket of gingerbread on her arm), with the utmost seriousness of countenance and vehemence of gesticulation, "The low-lived blackguard! to even such a thing at me! All my people that went before me, and all that came after me, were gintlemin and gintle la - - dies. See dat now, Susy dear!" Our party were not a little entertained at the figure and gesture of this extraordinary sprig of gentility, and continued to look after her as long as the carriages were in sight.

In the course of the morning they reached Tuberdonny, which was within a few miles drive of Ballinamoyle, but here only one pair of horses could be procured; they therefore had the pleasant prospect of spending another night as agreeably as the last, as no more horses were expected there till the following day. For some hours they found amusement in viewing the antiquities of Kilmacduagh, close by, consisting of seven

antique churches; an abbey, with very curious workmanship on its walls; and the most remarkable round tower in Ireland, constructed with immense stones, which rises to the height of one hundred and twelve feet, and, strange to say, leans seventeen feet out of the perpendicular, which is four more than the celebrated leaning tower at Pisa.

As the travellers returned towards the place where the carriages had been put up, they saw five horses, mounted by twice as many men and boys, galloping furiously down the street; and, at the sight of the servants in livery, the riders set up such a hurraing as was quite deafening. Jumping quickly off, two or three of them came up with "Long life to your honours! Myself's right glad to see your honours!" "Why, what the devil do you know about our honours?" said Colonel Desmond, laughing. "Didn't I hear at Kurinshagud, that your honour passed through Ballycoolen, in two car-

riages? and haven't I been hunting ye all round the country this blessed morning, thinking you might want cattle? It's I that will drive you to the world's end in a crack!" The horses were soon harnessed, and Colonel Desmond and Mr. Donolan, after handing the ladies into the carriage, made their parting bows, and pursued their way to Bogberry Hall.

Mrs. O'Sullivan did not reach Ballinamoyle till half past twelve at night; for the horses, being not much the better for the morning's chase, proceeded but slowly up a mountainous road. From the lateness of the hour, she did not, on that night, see Mr. O'Sullivan; who, finding himself indisposed in the evening, had unwillingly retired to bed, delegating the task of receiving his guests to his cousin, an ancient virgin, who presided over his *ménage*, and who gave the travellers, if not a courtly, at least a cordial reception; and, after doing the honours of an excel-

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lent supper, conducted them to their sleeping rooms, which they most gladly occupied, and enjoyed all the luxury of the sensation of comfort, as they compared them to those they had the night before inhabited, in the miserable cabaret at Ballycoolen.

END OF VOL. II.

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